The Outlook

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The Outlook

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Alabama's New Constitution

The new Constitution in Alabama was last week adopted by a reported majority of nearly thirty thousand. The opponents of the Constitution charge that its adoption was obtained by fraud, and bitterly suggest that the fruitage of pure elections cannot, in the moral order of things, be obtained from the tree of a corrupt election. The charge, however, that the election was, as a whole, carried by corruption is not established. It is true that forty-four men out of every one hundred in Alabama are negroes, and that nearly all the negroes who voted, voted against the new Constitution. But a great many of the negroes did not vote, either because they had not qualified by paying their poll taxes or because of their indifference to the whole matter. It may be true, as has been charged, that in some counties the majority returned in favor of the new Constitution was greater than the whole vote cast, but in some others, such as Lee, a majority was returned against the amendment as large proportionately as negro taxpayers are in the majority in the county. The fact that many of the former Populist leaders, like Mr. Kolb, supported the new Constitution, made the white vote more solid than was expected during the debates in the Convention. The important provisions of the new Constitution are as follows:

1. Disfranchisement for crime or for failure to pay a voluntary poll tax of $1.50 a year eight months before the election. This applies to whites and blacks alike.

2. Disfranchisement for illiteracy, unless the illiterate has been a soldier or is descended from a soldier, or is thought by the registrars of election to be of good character and to understand the duties of citizenship. The enfranchised illiterate must be enrolled as a voter before 1903. After that date the illiteracy disqualification applies to new voters of both races alike.

3. But after January 1, 1903, every male of age, white or black, literate or illiterate, may register and vote on his proving ownership, in his own or his wife's right, of property of a taxable value of $300.

4. Four-year terms for Governor and Legislature, the legislative session to last only fifty days.

5. A State tax of three mills for school purposes, with permission to localities to levy an additional tax of one mill. The State tax, together with the poll taxes and other funds, insures a school revenue of $1,100,000 a year, or one-fifth more than the revenue last year.

The most serious objection to the Constitution, in our judgment, is in the second of the above clauses: to allow an illiterate to register and vote because he is a soldier is not rational; while to allow such a man to vote because the registrars think he will be a good citizen is not safe. Under this provision illiterate whites may be enrolled at the discretion of the registrars, while illiterate blacks may be excluded legally. Under provision 3, however, every man, black or white, literate or illiterate, after January 1, 1903, may register and vote upon proof of his or his wife's ownership of real estate or personalty of a tax value of $300; and after that date the rules of disfranchisement will apply to both races alike. Whatever temporary injustice the blacks may suffer between now and January, 1903—and it might be expected that to cure the evils of unrestricted suffrage would almost inevitably involve some temporary injustice—the property qualification will be an incentive to every colored man to acquire property through his own industry. In this respect we believe that the Constitution will be an incentive towards that development, and not a discouragement of it.

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Denis Mulvihill, Stoker-Mayor

One of the most remarkable overturns in the recent elections was in the usually Republican city of Bridgeport, Connecticut, which this year (a Republican year) went Democratic by a majority of more than three thousand. The extraordinary character of the revolution is heightened by the picturesque personality of the successful candidate. His name is Denis Mulvihill, and his occupation for the past twenty-eight years (ever since he came from Ireland at the age of thirty) has been that of coal-shoveler in the Wheeler and Wilson sewing-machine factory. According to the New York "Sun," "he went to the factory and started the fires at 4:30 o'clock every morning and quit work at six every night." Though his wages never rose above two dollars and a half a day, he supported his family and saved some money. This he invested in building-lots and small houses, and by his attention to his property made himself successful as well as popular as a landlord. He never took part in politics until six years ago, when he was elected Alderman from a Republican district by reason of his personal popularity with his fellow-workmen. As Alderman he took his duties seriously, showed himself independent of ring influences, supported the Republican Mayor in his demand for a city stone-crusher to get rid of contractors' extortions on roadways, and all along the line won for himself a reputation as the "watch-dog of the treasury." The cause of his election to the mayoralty this year is pithily stated in a letter to us from a Bridgeport Republican subscriber:

> Our machine hadn't done a thing except bond the city a few hundred thousand, create a lot of new offices that the people didn't want, and increase salaries galore. Mulvihill, as Alderman, said the machine had better go slow, but we thought we were strong enough to carry everything our own way.
>
> The people were aroused against the machine: hence the landslide.

Since his election, Mayor Mulvihill has outlined his proposed policy in these words:

> I'll serve all the people.
> No politicians about me.
> Public expenses must be reduced.
> No junkets.
> No secret sessions. No committee meetings behind closed doors.
> I know the value of money. I have had to work for it. The taxpayers' money shall be used as if it were mine own.

He has begun his economies by blocking the plans to erect a new city hall, for which the city had been authorized to issue half a million dollars' worth of bonds. "It is an injustice to the taxpayers," he said. "We can fix up the old building so that it will last for another ten years at least. I would not have a house built for myself if I had to borrow all the money, and I shall apply the same principle to the expenditure of the city's funds." There are times in every city's career when just such a man is needed; Bridgeport wanted a man made of such stubborn stuff that he can act economy as well as talk it, and her present Mayor seems to be the man for the hour. As Alderman for six years, Mr. Mulvihill served the city without pay. As Mayor—or general superintendent of a corporation spending a million and a half dollars a year—he will receive a salary of three thousand dollars. If he meets present expectations, his career will deserve to be added to those which have made America the land of hope among the young men of the poorer classes.

❀

Railway Competition

A year ago Mr. J. J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railway, endeavored to acquire a road to be a link between his own and certain Eastern roads in which he was interested. For such a link he chose the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, and quietly accumulated large blocks of its stock. The consequent advance in the price of St. Paul's securities aroused the interest of other Northwestern railway men. Mr. Hill's plan became known, and was nullified by those who controlled St. Paul. He then turned his attention to the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy. The same operations were carried on here, and Mr. Hill obtained control. The Burlington is a competitor of the Union Pacific. The owners of the latter road became alarmed. They demanded a share in Burlington's control. This was refused. The only way to get the share seemed to be in obtaining control of the Northern Pacific, which, with the Great Northern, through Mr. Hill's endeavors, now owned Burlington jointly. Buying Northern Pacific stock in such small amounts as not

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to arouse suspicion, the Union Pacific people shortly succeeded in securing a majority of Northern Pacific stock. Last May they offered to surrender what they had acquired for a one-third share in Burlington. Mr. Hill again declined to accede. Then followed a remarkable episode. Both sides began buying Northern Pacific at a rate which sent up its securities by leaps and bounds. More stock was bought than was in existence, and at one time the failure to deliver sent the price of the common stock to no less than a thousand dollars a share. The necessity of obtaining penalty-money involved the sacrifice of other stock holdings. The result was a panic on May 9.

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Railway Combination

An armistice was then concluded, followed by many conferences and at length an agreement, the results of which have now been made public. The most striking feature of this lies in the incorporation, in the State of New Jersey, of the Northern Securities Company, controlled by Mr. Hill as its President. Its charter provides for $400,000,000 capital. Thus this is the second largest corporation ever formed, and it may easily become the largest. Its charter provides for taking over the stocks of the Great Northern and of the Northern Pacific, but it also provides for the acquirement of other roads, hence no limit has been set to the increase of capital. Consequently some well-informed men foresee an important enlargement of the published plan. The general public may not care which financial side is victorious in a particular contest, but the public is much concerned in the fact that the most important step yet proposed in combining railway properties has now passed from prophecy to fulfillment. Instead of war, peaceful and close relations will now exist between the Union Pacific (the owner also of another transcontinental road, the Southern Pacific) and the two transcontinental roads further north. Their treaty would seem to foreshadow more conservative and settled conditions in the American railway world than have hitherto obtained. It remains to be seen, however, whether this forecast will be justified if prosperity shall become less evident than at present.

Government Control of Railways

The Governor of Minnesota declares that this practical consolidation of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific is in open violation of the plain intent of the Minnesota law forbidding union of parallel lines. This is certainly true; but it is also true that the only way to meet the difficulty is by Federal, not by State, action. We think it is equally true that the Federal action should regulate, not forbid, combination. Legislative enactment can never successfully counteract a natural law or resist a great historic tendency. The tendency to combination is inherent in the development of the race, and is one of the features most characteristically distinguishing civilized from barbaric society. The various State laws forbidding combinations for the purpose of affecting prices have for this reason proved utterly futile; so has the Sherman Act forbidding contracts in restraint of trade; so has the Federal Inter-State Commerce Law forbidding combinations between competing roads and the pooling of freight rates. Indeed, the only effect of these laws has been to accelerate combinations by leading rival companies to substitute organic union for traffic agreements. Nevertheless, whatever economic advantages may be derived from such a combination as this between the transcontinental railroads cannot induce the thoughtful to ignore its political perils. To allow the transcontinental traffic of the country to fall into the hands of a few great financiers, however just and honorable they may be, is to allow a despotism, though perhaps a beneficent despotism; and despotism in a democracy is perilous, however economically profitable it may be. This railroad combination of the present day emphasizes the principle laid down by George Stephenson, the creator of the railroad, long ago, that where combination is possible competition is impossible; and it re-emphasizes the necessity of finding some way by which the great carrying corporations can be brought under Federal regulation. If that finally fails, it requires no great prophet to foresee that Federal ownership will be eventually attempted—an attempt which would also be full of political peril.

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Contempt of Court by Newspapers

The distinction between freedom of the press and abuse by the press may theoretically be a fine one, but common sense and the public sense of justice may be trusted, as a general thing, to recognize the true line of division. During the Tweed agitation the denunciation of corrupt judges by newspapers was not suppressed by threats of contempt of court proceedings, and it is sure that really corrupt judges will not dare to provoke public obloquy by arbitrarily attacking the editors. There can be no doubt that, within reasonable limits, judges should protect their dignity and their courts' decisions, and, if summary process is ever to be justified, it is in such cases. The subject has just been brought under discussion by the action of Judge Haney in Chicago, who has sentenced to imprisonment the managing editor of the "American" (a paper under the same ownership as the New York "Journal"). The paper in question had commented adversely on a decision by Judge Haney regarding an application for the forfeiture of the charter of the People's Gas Company, and had intimated that it was prompted by unworthy motives, although corruption was not, in direct terms, asserted. Judge Haney said: "If such attacks are permitted and allowed to go unpunished, the judicial department of our Government cannot long survive, and when it falls, the whole structure of our Government will go with it." The case, Judge Haney declared, was not, in its nature, appealable, although a writ of error might be asked for. Mr. Altgeld, who appeared for the newspaper, immediately applied to another judge for a writ of *habeas corpus*, and obtained the writ. The questions involved may, therefore, be further considered judicially. Proceedings are also contemplated, if not already begun, against Mr. Hearst, the majority stockholder in the paper, and against a reporter and two cartoonists.

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A Reform Victory in Naples

The parallel between the recent victories over municipal corruption in Naples and New York is close. Both were won by a breaking down of regular party lines and combined effort for decency and honest government. The methods of the Camorra in Naples were startlingly like those of Tammany. A Royal Commission of Inquiry found that the Naples political machine, which has been boldly called the Camorra and undoubtedly had affiliations with the infamous secret society of that name, levied blackmail on corporations and on individuals in return for freedom from persecution and annoyance; the companies owning gas, electric, and street-car franchises, for instance, were heavily mulcted. The police were corrupt, and those who refused to aid the criminal friends of the machine were made to suffer. A private water company was officially favored to the loss and inconvenience of the city. Waste, bribery, and favoritism created unendurable scandals. The respectable people were disheartened and cowed—business men even submitted to an examination of their books by the "Camorra" to form a basis for the percentage of extortion to which they must submit. Yet a moral sentiment was formed which made it possible to overrule the timid who declared that it was impossible to fight the matter out at the city's polls and that National control was the only remedy. Monarchists, Clericalists, and Socialists for once united, and, as in New York, a Merchants' Association gave valuable aid. Perhaps there was no single figure to parallel with New York's Jerome, but it is certain that the Jerome spirit was abroad. The result, which almost immediately followed the Tammany defeat, was a majority, narrow to be sure, but effective against ring rule. Thus in distant quarters of the globe almost simultaneously the appeal to nonpartisanship, to union of honest men against dishonesty, was justified, and a great triumph was gained for municipal home rule and for the cause of right.

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The Turko-Austrian Claims

Following the inspiring example of France, the Austrian Government announced its purpose to adopt similarly effective measures unless the Sultan should yield in satisfying the claims of Austria in the matter of the Armenian atrocities of 1895 and other grievances. Last week the Porte agreed to pay 90,000 francs ($18,000) to the Austrian-Arme-

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nian victims, and financially to adjust the wrongs arising from the other matters of dispute. The principal subjects in this list include, first, the claims of the Oriental Railway Company, and, second, charges against officers and men of the Turkish gendarmerie in the Province of Albania, who have threatened and insulted Austrian Consuls and persecuted Austrian young women. There has been particular difficulty in obtaining reparation for the Albanian grievances, because the offenders belong to a special clan which supplies the Sultan's bodyguard, and his Majesty feared their vengeance. The payment of the indemnity for losses incurred by our own citizens in Asia Minor exactly six years ago this month will bring relief to those engaged in rebuilding the American religious, educational, and hospitable institutions there. The rebuilding of the Kharput institutions has gone forward with some embarrassment, both from the want of funds and from the smallness of the force. While the college has maintained its reputation for successful work, it has not been thought wise at present to reopen the Theological Seminary. Those who wish to study theology are asked to go instead to the seminaries at Marash and Marsovan. Similar structures undertaken by French Roman Catholics may shortly be built, since the *irade*, or Imperial decree, just issued, is found to include a clause by which the Sultan authorizes "the foundations, extensions, constructions, and repairs of schools, religious and hospitable establishments which France may desire to carry out, if the Porte is advised of her intentions and makes no objections within five months."

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Larger Educational Opportunities

The meeting in this city last week of the Executive Board of the Southern Educational Conference resulted in a still more distinct definition of its work, and promises increasing effectiveness. The men interested in this movement include many of the leaders of education in the South; and the Conference represents the broad, progressive movement which is already bearing fruit in that section. It aims to advance the interests of education without regard to race or color, and to advance it chiefly by informing and awakening public interest in the whole subject. It is now well understood by those who have made any study of the situation that many of the efforts of Northern philanthropists in behalf of negro education in the South have missed their best results by reason of ignorance of conditions, and have failed for the same reason to command the sympathetic support of the South. This is but another illustration of the ignorance of the two sections with regard to one another's affairs and conditions, which has been not the cause, perhaps, but the occasion of very serious and even tragic misunderstanding. The two sections are unmistakably coming together because they are beginning to know each other more thoroughly; and both the North and the South are taking a new interest in the educational problems which the South is trying to solve, and approaching those problems from a new point of view. In his very interesting survey of the situation in the Educational Number of The Outlook last August, President Alderman, of Tulane University, declared that the most effective way to help the negro is to help the white man by giving him larger educational opportunities. In the effort to do something for the negro the needs of the white man of limited opportunities have not received adequate attention, nor have the needs of the white girl of the same class. There are many points of light in the Southern educational field. In a number of institutions there is not only an enthusiasm for new methods of study, but for the more adequate meeting of Southern needs in the way of educational opportunities. The Southern Educational Conference has been organized for the purpose of reinforcing all these scattered centers of light by creating a general sentiment throughout the whole South which shall result in larger educational opportunities for whites and blacks alike. It proposes an expenditure of $80,000 during the next two years along these lines, establishing at Knoxville, Tenn., under the direction of President C. W. Dabney, of the University of Tennessee, a bureau for the investigation of Southern educational conditions, and for the dissemination of information with regard to them. A campaign to cover the whole South is to be organized under the direction of Dr.

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Alderman, Dr. Frissell, and Dr. McIver, with the co-operation and advice of Booker T. Washington and G. S. Dickerman. This promises to be one of the most important movements in the immediate future, and ought to have the hearty support of men from all sections.

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The Prison Congress A three days' meeting which includes six notable papers and plenty of time for discussion may fairly be called a success, and that was the general verdict concerning the National Prison Congress which has just held its annual meeting in Kansas City. The Prison Association marked its appreciation of two of the papers (those by the Rev. Dr. Henry Hopkins and the Rev. S. J. Barrows) by voting to print two thousand copies of each in separate pamphlets, and the necessary money was promptly contributed for the purpose. Dr. Hopkins expressed the sentiment of the Congress as to prison management: "We have a right to demand in our different States a unification of prison management, so that improvements and reforms which obtain in the best of the State institutions shall obtain also in the county jails and city workhouses. Local responsibility should not be destroyed, but local slovenliness, neglect, and abuse should be made impossible." In an admirable paper on "The Jail as a Crime-breeder," Professor Blackmar, of Kansas University, showed how terrible are the conditions in county jails which warrant such a demand for central State authority to control all the penal institutions within each commonwealth. The jails in the United States have scarcely felt a ripple of the great wave of prison reform that has washed away so many abuses. While probation laws are lessening the number of jail inmates, to the great blessing of the community, there are still enough young offenders committed to their darkening doors to feed the prisons and reformatories, for, as all the experts maintain, no boy or young man can spend thirty days, or even ten, in a common jail without coming out far better fitted, and too often inclined, for crime than when he went in. The battleground of reform in penal matters must include the counties of the land, and classification, separation, industry, cleanliness, and instruction must be insisted upon, in place of the promiscuous intermingling of all sorts and conditions of men in idleness and ignorance.

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Prison Discipline There is a diversity of views among prison wardens as to the attitude to be assumed toward the first offender when he enters the prison gates. Some would place him at the bottom of the ladder, in order to remind him of his past, and let him climb, by painful steps and slow, up the weary ladders to the higher grades. Others place all comers in the "neutral" or "intermediate" grade, whence they can look up and down and take their choice by their conduct. At the Prison Congress Warden McClaughry, son of the eminent Major R. W. McClaughry, Warden of the United States Prison at Fort Leavenworth, threw down the gauntlet and declared himself in favor of still another method, one that he has found by experience of excellent service in treating certain classes of criminals. "The privileges and advantages [of a prison]," said Mr. McClaughry, "should be greatly in favor of him who turns from the *beginning* of a criminal career. It is a mistake to place a newcomer and first offender at once in a garb and in a grade which he at first despises, and which seems to carry with it the spirit of vengeance, while he sees above him, wearing the smooth air of superiority, enjoying the privileges and wearing the garb of a higher grade, men who, he soon learns, are persistent criminals, and probably never intend to keep any law except that of the prison rule-book. . . . He has not broken the prison rules: why should he receive what is recognized as a punishment for violation of prison rules at his very entrance?" The gauntlet was quickly picked by up other wardens present who thought it savored too much of the kindergarten to adopt such a method, but Mr. McClaughry stood manfully by his doctrine that the surest way to develop self-respect, even in a convict, is to treat him with respect, and take it for granted that once in prison he will obey prison rules; and that nothing is gained by any treatment which constantly reminds the convict of his past, which should be forgotten and the man

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helped to press forward. If he proves unworthy of confidence, then is the time to degrade him in rank and garb, to be promoted only as he earns promotion. Some of the wardens were hospitable to this suggestion and took it home to think it over at their leisure. It is true that the personality of the warden and his reception of the first offender would make or mar this plan. But the personality of the wardens of this country is growing higher year by year. There were men present from many States and from Canada, one from the prison farthest North and one from the prison farthest West on this continent, and they were a fine-looking body of men facially as well as physically, with mental and moral power manifest in their faces. Indeed, rather to the disgust of one or two who have not yet outgrown the old-time conception of a jailer, these wardens were taken as a lot of clergymen! It is only to high-minded, earnest, patriotic prison officers that can be committed the enlightened parole and indeterminate sentence laws. Men and methods must fit each other, or the wisest legislation will be a failure. This essential partnership is slowly developing in the most progressive States, and in those States crime will by and by yield its citadel.

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A Parole Law for United States Prisoners

No matter whether United States prisoners are confined in States having the indeterminate sentence and parole or not, they may not reap the advantage of such mitigations in their prison life. Now that the United States Code is to be revised, an effort is on foot to secure the results of the best prison methods for Federal prisoners. As a help toward this result, a resolution was unanimously passed urging the Congress of the United States to adopt a general parole law for United States prisoners, whether confined in Federal prisons or elsewhere, and to adopt an indeterminate sentence law for such prisoners wherever confined. How to determine when a prisoner has earned parole and by whom it should be granted was a question not discussed. No reference was made to provisions securing probation for such offenders, though that also is now considered an absolute necessity for the prevention of increase in the criminal class. Says Mr. Brockway: "While awaiting the extension of the full indeterminate sentence to the felon class of prisoners, no measures could be so generally serviceable in our department of penology as would be the early adoption and extension of probation to the *un*imprisoned and the indeterminate sentence to imprisoned misdemeanants. Both measures are practicable, and taken together are a strong tower of defense against crime." With thousands of men under arrest for crimes against the Federal laws, surely probation should be provided for these as for other offenders, the statistics showing vast moral as well as economic benefit from this system wherever it has been properly carried out. The next Prison Congress is to be held in Philadelphia, with Professor C. H. Henderson, of Chicago, as President. In addition to the wardens' and chaplains' sections, a branch of prison physicians has been organized, which will report at that time.

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New York Federation of Churches

The first Annual Council of the Federation of Churches and Christian Workers of New York State, formed a year ago, met at Rochester, November 12 and 13. The attendance was small, except in the evening, but the discussions were animated, interested, and sympathetic. The movement for federation, though recent, is actively advancing. In Albany, Troy, Schenectady, Utica, Babylon, Elmira, Rochester, and other places, local federations have already been organized or are organizing. The objects proposed are the manifestation of Christian unity, the systematic evangelization of each community, the expression of united Christian sentiment on moral issues, and the co-ordination of the Christian and benevolent activities of the State. Thus far the effort has mainly been, through systematic canvassing and house-to-house visitation, to get people to attach themselves to some one of the co-operating churches. Ulterior aims were explicitly recognized in the report of the Field Secretary, Dr. E. B. Sanford, of New York City. "Federation alone," said he, "can secure any adequate or systematic means by which the united Christian sentiment of the community may be expressed,

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and the consolidated forces of the churches brought to bear in the interests of social and civic righteousness." This aspect of the movement was strongly exhibited by the Rev. I. J. Lansing, of Scranton, Pa., in an address on "Federation as a Means of Securing Righteousness in the Life of a Community." The emphasis of the meeting, however, was thrown upon "evangelization." As Dr. Long, of Babylon, expressed it, "our present concern is not so much with civics in general as with the individual citizen." The elaborate paper presented by Dr. Sutherland, of Oxford, and adopted by the Council, on the principles and plans of federation, went no further than outlining the way in which it proposes to co-ordinate the work of different religious bodies, so that each may do its distinctive work with the least waste and the most effectiveness of effort. Its carefully drawn suggestions as to overchurching deserve the attention of all the churches. What lay in the future was presented by Dr. Laidlaw, of New York City, in a strong address on "The Possibilities of Federation," with special stress on the educational and humanitarian side of evangelistic work and the promotion of civic reforms. In the election of officers for the ensuing year, Dr. J. W. Brooks, Dean of the law department of Syracuse University, was chosen President, and Governor Odell first Vice-President, to fill the place occupied last year by Governor Roosevelt.

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The Federation and the Conference of Religion

The preceding report makes clear what has been to most people who have thought about it quite obscure, viz., the difference between the State Federation of Churches and the State Conference of Religion. These bodies are equally inclusive in their terms of membership. Any denomination, any individual, in sympathy with the objects proposed is welcomed in each; though the Federation of Churches may seem by its name to exclude those whose church is called a synagogue. It does not; but it was stated at Rochester that if the title read "Churches, Synagogues, and Religious Organizations," the Jews would have united with it. The difference between the two organizations is, first, that the Federation contemplates the work of social and civic reform as an ulterior aim, but evangelization as a prior interest; the Conference presents as its immediate object the junction of all the religious forces of the State for the promotion of social righteousness. This being so, there is evidently work enough for both in mutual harmony. A less obvious difference, which found expression in the organization of the local Federation at Rochester, November 8, consists in the larger emphasis which the Conference puts upon the essential unity of all religious men by its characteristic affirmation, "Many theologies, one religion." The Rochester Federation goes furthest in this direction, explicitly declaring its object thus (the italics are ours):

> The promotion of fellowship and co-operation among the churches of Rochester *in order that the essential spiritual unity of religious believers may find expression; that our sense of brotherhood may become wider and more conscious;* that the future religious problems of our growing city may be met with the combined intelligence and strength of all; that the moral power of the religious community may be more effectively used against public evils; and that waste of means and efforts may be avoided by co-operation among the organized religious forces.

This declaration was unanimously adopted in a meeting in which all denominations, including the Jewish, were represented. The less explicit position of the State Federation would be interpreted in favor of the broad inclusiveness which its constitution permits were a few names outside of the evangelical denominations added to its official list, as in the Executive Committee of the State Conference of Religion.

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Bishop Sbarretti's Address

Last week Bishop Sbarretti, of Havana, left that capital for a new field of labor. He had already issued a pastoral letter of farewell, and the letter is of peculiar interest, as it reviews social conditions in Havana as seen by a conservative Roman Catholic. He begins by referring to the idea now obtaining in Cuba, that, owing to the separation of Church and State, the former has lost its judicial personality. Those who so think, declares the Bishop, do not know the nature of the Roman Catholic Church. It is a sovereign society. When Monsignor Sbarretti

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arrived in Havana, he found that the validity of religious marriages—that is, marriages contracted before any one but a civil magistrate—was not recognized. Some Cubans opposed him in his endeavors to obtain recognition for such marriages. "Help came from a quarter whence it was least expected, and the Government recognized the legality of religious marriages." Continuing, Bishop Sbarretti expresses his conviction that religious education is essential for children; hence he has founded religious schools in the Diocese of Havana, and has diffused religious education in order to correct a fundamental policy of the present régime. He has not antagonized the American general policy of education, however; on the contrary, he has done everything possible to aid it. He is anxious, however, to do what the State cannot do—teach religion. Regarding Church property, Monsignor Sbarretti admits that the return of this property to the Church, its rightful owner, did honor to the Government which returned it.

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A Patriotic Mission

A missionary work which, in view of its hoped-for issues, seems of National importance is about to be undertaken among the Japanese of Hawaii. Numbering over sixty-seven thousand, forty-three per cent. of the total population, and much more than twice as numerous as either the native Hawaiians or the Chinese, who constitute its next largest elements, they are a most important factor for good or evil in our new island territory. To assimilate them to the spirit of our institutions is a task of peculiar difficulty, but one has been moved to undertake it than whom certainly none is better qualified—the Rev. Doremus Scudder, M.D., of Woburn, Mass. Dr. Scudder has had the advantage of a five years' residence in Japan, where from 1884 to 1889 he was engaged in medical and evangelistic work before coming to a pastorate at home. Mrs. Scudder was also there for two years. Their six and a half years' work in the First Congregational Church of Woburn has been so marked by special activities both for the religious training of children and for municipal interests that their removal is widely regretted. They sail for their new field in January, but will first spend a year of special preparation for it in Japan. Dr. Scudder comes of good missionary and medical stock. His father, Dr. Henry M. Scudder, founder of the Arcot mission of the American Board, served twenty years in the missionary field in India, his grandfather thirty-six years—Dr. John Scudder, the first medical missionary ever commissioned, commemorated in a book just published, "Men of Might in India Missions." He himself is in the fifth generation of Scudders holding the degree of M.D. The important work he undertakes, of not only Christianizing but Americanizing our Asiatic fellow-citizens, is under the auspices of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association, originally organized in 1823. Dr. Scudder undertakes a work in which even those of his countrymen who "do not believe in missions" can hardly avoid a patriotic wish for his success.

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Professor Mayo-Smith's Death

The sad death of Professor Richmond Mayo-Smith, who fell from a fourth-story window of his home in this city last week, removes America's foremost scientist in the field of statistics. Other statisticians have done more extended work along special lines of inquiry, but no one else has covered so wide a territory with such clearness of vision. Mulhall, the late English statistician, covered a still wider territory, but Mulhall failed as a scientist because of his "foible of omniscience." Professor Mayo-Smith recognized the limitations of his own knowledge, and preferred that his readers should not learn so many things rather than that they should learn anything that is not so. The lay reader is sometimes a little impatient with his unwillingness to generalize from data he thought insufficient, but this characteristic attitude added strength to his positions. It was, moreover, the only trial to the patience of the lay reader, for Professor Mayo-Smith was absolutely free from the morbid tendency to construct a sacred language for his science which would make it unintelligible except to the selected few. His common sense and his moral sense of the public work his science should perform led him to speak always in clear, strong, simple English. His

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principal work, "The Science of Statistics," completed two years ago, was preceded by a book on "Emigration and Immigration," published in 1890, and still the best and also the most popular work on the subject. Professor Mayo-Smith was but forty-seven years of age at the time of his death. He was born in Ohio, graduated at Amherst College, and since 1883 had been Professor of Economics in the Columbia School of Political Science.

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A Memorial to William L. Wilson

The project set on foot some time ago by a number of influential men to establish a memorial of the late President William L. Wilson, of Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va., in the form of a chair of Economics and Social Science, has been carried far towards completion. About $75,000 has already been raised, and an effort is now being made to secure the balance by the first of January, $10,000 of the subscription having been given on condition that the entire amount be raised before the beginning of the new year. Mr. Wilson was a representative Southern statesman of the period following the close of the war—a man of the highest personal character, of the most attractive nature, of generous culture, who was transferred from the President's Cabinet to the direction of a university without any sense of violation of academic traditions. The Washington and Lee University is an institution which can base its claim for wide support upon very solid foundations. It has a faculty of capable, devoted, and self-sacrificing men who understand the problems which the South is facing to-day, who are in touch with Southern young men of promise and independence, and are eager to help them. The students of the University are largely of the Scotch-Irish stock which has contributed so much to the development of the mountain region of Virginia. The institution differentiates itself sharply in certain ways from the University of Virginia; the two admirably represent and interpret the life of the old Commonwealth. Washington and Lee is more democratic in its sympathies than the University, and a greater number of its students are dependent upon their own energy for educational opportunities. Through the attitude of its professors, Washington and Lee is in touch with the progressive modern spirit of the South, and is well equipped to act as a leader of the South in the new days which have come upon it and in the settlement of the new questions which it is facing. It has been the good fortune of the University to be associated first with the benevolence of Washington, and then with the genius, both moral and intellectual, of General Robert E. Lee, a man whose loftiness of nature and beauty of character fitted him pre-eminently to touch the imagination and to shape the ideals of young men. Mr. Wilson was no unworthy successor of General Lee in the affections of the students of the University and in the direction of its affairs. It is a pleasure to note that New York has contributed a large amount of the fund already secured, although the South has not been backward in expressing its affection for Mr. Wilson and in its desire worthily to commemorate his character and career. It is to be hoped that the small amount necessary will be secured before the end of the year.

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Music in New York City

The announcements made for the musical season 1901–2 in New York City promise such a wealth of entertainment and instruction that The Outlook may call attention to some of the opportunities offered to lovers of good music. Perhaps the most picturesque feature will be the production of Mr. Paderewski's opera "Manru," about which keen curiosity exists. The performances of this opera will be peculiarly interesting, as the composer is coming from Poland to superintend its production. It is thus presumable that the American public may also again have the opportunity of hearing some Paderewski piano performances. The season at the Metropolitan Opera-House opens December 23 and lasts until March 8. Five performances will be given each week. While the dates for particular operas have not been set, it is understood that the season will include a historical retrospect of the achievements of Verdi. In choral music the Oratorio Society, the Musical Art Society, and the Brooklyn

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Oratorio Club will present classic and contemporary works. In orchestral music we shall again have concerts from the New York Philharmonic Society, the Boston and the Pittsburg Symphony Orchestras. In chamber-music there will be concerts by the Kneisel, Bendix, and other quartettes. Then come concerts given by such organizations as the Arion, Apollo, Liederkranz, Mendelssohn, and Rubinstein clubs. Finally, there will be the popular concerts on Sunday nights. While classic music will, in general, receive full recognition, the present season will doubtless be as distinctive as any in the recognition of newer composers. In opera we have already referred to "Manru;" in orchestral music prominence will be given to such modern men as Suk, Schillings, Naprawnik, and Siegmund von Hausegger. "Barbarossa," a symphonic poem by Herr von Hausegger, received its first production in the metropolis last week.

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Thanksgiving

The American people have special causes for gratitude this year apart from the continuance and increase of general prosperity. Men are happiest, not when they are growing rich, but when they are growing in wisdom, character, inward power. Prosperity in field and shop and factory and mine, on land and on the high seas, is a thing to be grateful for because it makes capital for education, for art, for religion, for civilization in the highest sense of the word. But prosperity is always a means, never an end; there are greater blessings and there are deeper reasons for thanksgiving.

I. Those who hold American institutions as a sacred trust to be administered for the benefit of the race may give thanks to God for a breath of fresh air in our public life; for an evident quickening of the public conscience; for the steady growth of a vigorous and independent public sentiment which will not tolerate the use of great places for party purposes, and will insist upon the choice of competent and honorable men for public positions. The Nation has passed through a great sorrow; it has seen its Chief Magistrate die a singularly noble death; and it has had the supreme satisfaction of seeing another man of stainless character and conspicuous courage take up the great responsibilities of the Presidency. In the history of the country the official leadership of the Nation has never been in cleaner hands.

II. In the great victory for pure government in the city of New York the whole country shares a new hopefulness and exhilaration. Rings, machines, and bosses have degraded our public life, robbed it of its nobility, and grossly misrepresented the American spirit to the world. In New York the most infamous of these feudal organizations, with an immense revenue at its command, has been overwhelmed with disaster; and the trade of every gambler, pander, and lawbreaker in the city has received a staggering blow. The moral importance to the Nation of the defeat of Tammany Hall can hardly be overestimated.

III. The gifts of education in all forms have increased until they have become a considerable percentage of the income of the people. Universities, colleges, schools of every grade and kind, libraries, and museums are being endowed with growing generosity. The importance of this fact is not measured by greater ease and larger facilities for specific educational work; it shows a growing perception of the duty of the prosperous man to the nation which makes his prosperity possible; a perception keen enough to discern that the springs of all true prosperity are deep in the self-control, the intelligence and character of a nation—those great qualities which are largely the product of education.

IV. There is a deepening sense of unity between the different sections of the country which is fast substituting a National for a sectional consciousness; a unity fostered by increasing knowledge, and therefore increasing respect. "How can I hate a man I know?" said Charles Lamb. Ignorance is the mother of hatred, prejudice, misconception of motives; knowledge is the mother of sympathy, co-operation, fellowship. The North wants to understand the problems of the South and work with it, hand to hand, for their solution; the South sees the North with a new insight. The East and West are being steadily drawn together,

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not only by interests which are indissoluble, but by a new conception of the splendid possibilities and the priceless hopes of the Nation.

Thank God for clean government, for an awakening public conscience, for a deepening sense of individual obligation to society, for a new conception of the possibilities of the Nation; these are the real prosperities of the American people.

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Local Option in Cities

Dr. I. K. Funk has written a letter to the New York "Sun" in which he urges the adoption of the plan that The Outlook has for some time urged for the settlement of the excise question in our great cities, namely, Leave it to the people of the cities themselves to settle. He strenuously opposes legislation directly providing for the opening of the saloons on Sunday, because it would be bad both in principle and as policy. The attempt to legalize the Sunday saloon will, he says, prove a most thorny road. "All the temperance societies of the State, the united clergy, Protestant and Catholic, with few exceptions, the almost united motherhood, are forces that it is not wise to antagonize." This is forcibly put, and we do not believe that any party in the State will run the risk of arousing the antagonism of these forces, or even a considerable proportion of them.

At the same time, Dr. Funk recognizes, as all men who are familiar with the facts must, that the present situation is well-nigh intolerable. "The evils," he says, "which Mr. Jerome and our Mayor-elect aim to correct by Sunday opening are real;" the question how they can be met squarely and in a way to take the saloon out of politics he thus answers:

> This is a democracy—the majority should rule. Let us settle the liquor question in New York City by a ward local option. At a special election in the spring, or at the next regular fall election, let these questions be submitted to the voters:
>
> Shall liquor license be granted in this ward? Yes—. No—.
>
> Shall saloons be permitted to open from 2 to 10 P.M. on Sunday? Yes—. No—.
>
> In the effort to carry this measure through the Legislature I feel sure there can be secured a union of nearly all temperance forces in the State, as well as of all fair-minded liquor men.

Probably no man in the country is more familiar with the radical temperance sentiment than Dr. Funk; no man has a better right to represent it; and when he says that he is sure that a union of all temperance forces in the State can be secured for local option on the question of both week-day and Sunday selling in the cities, he goes far toward removing what has been the principal objection of practical politicians—namely, the fear of uniting those forces against them and their party.

All arguments are in favor of this policy; we can conceive no serious arguments against it. It would not increase Sunday selling; for now hotels can sell on Sunday, and a saloon which desires that privilege has only to take out a hotel license. It would probably decrease Sunday selling; for almost certainly some wards in the city would vote against such sales. It might decrease week-day selling, for not improbably some residential wards would vote for no-license. Wherever no-license was voted it could be enforced; for the public sentiment which voted no-license would enforce it; whereas now the rural districts vote for the closure of the city saloons, and the municipal populations elect officers who will leave them open. Local option would remove that feeling of resentment, often bitter, entertained by city populations against legislation which they regard as an unwarrantable interference with their rights. Local option would take the saloon out of politics; would remove the opportunity for blackmail; and, by abolishing the Raines Law hotels, would remove the incentive to licentiousness which these hotels furnish. Last, but by no means least, it would put the temperance question formally before the people whenever the ward voted on the local option question—that is, every three or four years; thus it would compel the saloons to defend themselves; it would bring a certain degree of pressure to bear upon them to keep themselves defensible; and it would furnish an opportunity and an occasion for constantly renewing campaigns of education—and on public education, far more than on any legislation, the real temperance reform must depend.

If the question be asked, Why submit the question to a vote by wards or election

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districts, rather than to the city as a whole? the answer is twofold.

First, submission to the city as a whole would simply reproduce the present difficulty in a new form. The essence of that difficulty is that one community which wishes to drink its wine and beer on Sunday resents being prohibited from so doing by another community. If in a close election Brooklyn should cast a vote for no-license sufficient to carry the city of New York for no-license by a small majority, the Borough of Manhattan would be as quick to repudiate the result as if no-license were forced upon it by a vote of St. Lawrence County. New York City is made up of different communities with widely different tastes, inclinations, and ethical standards. What is essential is that each community should be able to act according to its own conscience and judgment in the matter of Sunday observance, without interference from other communities only remotely affected by its action.

Second, the temperance forces which may be relied upon to support local option by wards may be relied upon to oppose local option by cities; and for a very simple and self-evident reason. It is reasonably certain that the city of New York would vote Yes by an overwhelming majority on the question, Shall liquor licenses be granted in this city? and probable that it would vote Yes by a decisive majority on the question, Shall saloons be permitted to open from 2 to 10 P.M. on Sunday? But it is not at all improbable that some residential wards would vote No on both propositions. The temperance forces would support a plan for local option by wards in the cities because they would, with good reason, hope to carry some wards in almost every city for no-license. They would oppose local option by cities because they would have little hope of carrying any city *en masse* for no-license.

The way out, and the only way out, of the present difficulty is by extension of the principle of local option to cities by wards. This principle is right, it is American, it is practicable, it will take the saloon out of politics, it will put an end to blackmail, it will not increase Sunday selling, it will probably reduce the number of saloons, it will put them on their good behavior and do something to improve their quality, and it will be a great temperance education measure.

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The South African War

The war in the Transvaal has degenerated into a trial between Boer and British obstinacy. The country is swept by alternate forces; if a Boer is loyal to the British, he is treated as a traitor by the Boers; if he is loyal to the Boers, he is treated as a traitor by the British. In such a conflict the non-combatant is the greatest sufferer; women suffer more than men, and little children suffer most of all. The mortality in the concentration camps is frightful. The official reports show deaths of 4,633 children in the concentration camps in three months. Comparing these figures with the deaths in hospitals, "they show," says the Manchester "Guardian," "that human beings have far less chance of life when they enter a concentration camp in health than when they enter a Kimberley hospital already diseased." Yet these awful conditions give pause to neither combatant; the Boers declare, We will never surrender, we will die first; Mr. Brodrick, in the House of Commons, replies, We shall at at last tire you out. The Outlook finds it impossible to look with sympathy or respect upon either of the two parties who are jointly and severally responsible for the continuance of these conditions.

The Boers challenged Great Britain to this war. Whatever their provocation, whatever the justice of their cause, we do not here discuss; the challenge was theirs. Such a challenge is an appeal to the wager of battle. When the decision of battle is clearly against the one who has issued the challenge, manliness demands that he submit. An attempt has sometimes been made to trace a parallel between the Boer war and the American Revolution. There is no analogy. There was no time in the seven years' war when the issue between the Americans and the English was not doubtful; no time when Washington did not have an organized army in the field; no time when what began as a war had degenerated into a mere desultory guerrilla warfare, injurious not to the organized combatants, but to the peaceful non-combatants. The evacuation of Boston, the surrender of Burgoyne,

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the campaign in the Carolinas, even the seemingly desultory operations in New Jersey and about Philadelphia, all involved British defeat. Neither the occupation of New York nor that of Philadelphia by the British was a decisive victory. One has only to compare the plan of campaign made in London with the results in America to see that in the campaign the British suffered a practically continuous defeat. In the Transvaal the President is a fugitive; General Joubert, the abler man of the two, is dead; the entire country is occupied by the British forces; there is nothing worthy to be called an army in the field against the British; there is no war—there is simply a guerrilla warfare, persistent, harassing, but impotent. In the interest of civilization and humanity the Boers ought to have accepted the result of the wager of battle to which they appealed; they ought to submit to the consequences of their folly in provoking a war which they had not the resources to carry on to a successful issue.

But it is also true that the victors in this war have shown themselves singularly deficient in chivalry. A brave foe appeals to the conqueror, and the more hopeless and helpless the foe and the more audacious his bravery the more eloquent is the appeal. The Boers have a passion for independence; how great a passion is demonstrated by their pathetic and fruitless endeavors, beginning with the march into the wilderness in 1835, ending with the challenge to Great Britain in 1899. Grant that their dream of independence was one impossible of realization; grant that they misused their independence when they possessed it; grant that they proved themselves incapable of it and therefore undeserving of it. Still it remains true that this passion should have been respected by their conquerors, not rudely and contemptuously disregarded. We do not think they were entitled to it, or that, after their invasion of British soil, it could have been conceded to them. But surely some respect might have been paid to a sentiment not without honor; some better terms might have been accorded to them than unconditional surrender.

It is true that the mere possession of an ambition for independence does not prove that the community is entitled to be independent. The North did not concede to the Southern Confederacy its independence. The dream of independence vanished at Appomattox Court-House. But neither did the North follow the counsels of those who wished to obliterate all State lines and relegate the Southern States to the condition of conquered territory. They came back into the Union with the privileges and prerogatives of States. The American people did not concede Aguinaldo's claim to have his inchoate organization recognized as a State; it refused to grant to him, and those whom he claimed to represent, the independence of a State. But before the war was fully over the Americans organized for the Filipinos a civil government, invited Filipinos to share in it, organized local governments largely committed to their hands, made them as free from military authority as could be done and still preserve their lives and property from anarchy—in short, did all they could do, consonant with their own responsibilities, to lessen the humiliation of defeat and convert the seeming adversity of their recent foes into a real prosperity.

We look in vain for any similar spirit in the treatment accorded to the Boers by the Chamberlain administration. The camps of concentration which the British have formed, with all the tragedies which they involve, are mere incidents in a policy which resolves to give to a nation no quarter. Doubtless if the nation as such surrenders its life, the individuals who compose the nation will be treated with humanity and justice. They may not improbably be better off under British than under Boer government. But to the Boer's love of nationality the present English administration grants no quarter. The world looks on at the death-throes of a nation. The Boer motto is rule or ruin; the British motto is ruin and rule; and neither is entitled to the sympathy or the respect of mankind.

We cannot but regard it as a great misfortune that the Liberal party has no leader who will ignore the past and will address himself to the present; and who, so doing, will tell the English people what they can do and ought to do to maintain the sovereignty which they have resolved to maintain in South Africa, without mutilating the moral life of a brave people,

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and compelling them to add to the bitterness of desolation the greater bitterness of a humiliation which no chivalric conqueror would willingly inflict upon a conquered enemy.

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A Real Newspaper

The one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the "Evening Post," of this city, was the occasion of a hearty and influential recognition of the services of that paper to journalism and to the country. At a complimentary luncheon given to the editors on Saturday afternoon of last week there were present representatives of the great financial interests of the country, of the best citizenship of New York, and of the various arts and professions; and there was the common recognition of two or three qualities which have given the "Evening Post" a commanding position among American journals from its earliest beginnings. Started as a medium for disseminating the ideas of Hamilton, one of the shapers of American institutions and one of the founders of the American State, the "Evening Post" has always been a journal of ideas rather than a mere collector and distributer of news. It has aimed, by definite conviction, by power of statement, and by independence of action, to lead rather than to follow public opinion; to shape the policies of the country by exerting a definite and consistent influence upon readers. It has been the exponent of clearly defined and strongly emphasized convictions which it has never hesitated to express with frankness. Its position on some questions is radically different from that which it held in the first two or three decades of its history. Hamilton was the exponent of a strong government, of a sound currency, and of a tariff for revenue; the "Evening Post" has been a strong advocate of democratic principles, and has stood, therefore, at the other pole from Hamilton in its interpretation of the powers conferred upon the Government by the Constitution. It has been an ardent and persistent advocate of free trade; and while Hamilton's name is associated with a very moderate tariff for revenue rather than protection, the tariff reformer of to-day cannot consistently claim Hamilton as an ally. On the question of a currency based on actual values the "Evening Post" has stood during late years as strongly and as uncompromisingly as did Hamilton, advocating with cogency the maintenance of the gold standard, and conservative legislation with regard to financial interests.

On this occasion, however, the student of American journalism is interested, not so much in the measures for which the "Evening Post" has stood, as in the persistence with which it has stood for measures, and the force with which it has advocated ideas. From the very beginning it has been edited by men of conviction and of intelligence. More than once it has had upon its staff thinkers and writers of high distinction; at all times its pages have reflected the judgment and expressed the ideas of its editors. Its editorial utterances have not been shaped by business considerations. It is safe to say that it has never trimmed its expression of editorial opinion in order to secure advertisements. It is quite certain that never, in late years at least, has it attempted to give back through its own interpretations the opinions of its readers. It has led rather than followed, and it has maintained the highest traditions of journalism intact during a period which has seen an immense expansion of journalistic interests and a radical change in the popular conception of what a paper ought to be.

A newspaper cannot be consistently conducted as a journal of ideas without forming and preserving traditions of intellectual thoroughness and of technical excellence. The "Evening Post" has probably given its columns the touch of literature as often and as definitely as any other newspaper in our history. It has had in its service men who were thoroughly trained to deal with the subjects which were committed to them; whose work has been competent, exact, and workmanlike, free from the careless thinking, the looseness of statement, and the general slovenliness which have been characteristic of a great deal of newspaper writing in this country. It has interpreted public life to include not only politics, to which it has given great attention, but, conspicuously, education, art, and literature. Its reviews, while often unsympathetic and sometimes lacking in

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divination, have been notable for scholarship and for independence. It has treated art in all its branches as among the most important expressions of the human spirit, has given art criticisms large place, and has dealt with the subject with a high degree of intelligence. No daily newspaper can keep its columns entirely free from careless and inaccurate English; but the rules which Mr. Bryant laid down years ago have borne fruit in unusual care for the interests of pure speech and in unusual conformity to the best standards of writing.

The "Evening Post" has been conspicuous by reason of contrast with the whole evil brood of sensational journals which have sprung up of late years. It has nothing in common, except the use of type and paper, with the cheap, slovenly written, scandal-loving, vulgarly illustrated, sensational newspaper. In the welter of bad English, vulgar gossip, diluted information, cheap appeals to popular interest, conventional denunciations of the rich in one column and sycophantical reports of their doings and the details of their lives in other columns, the "Evening Post" has stood for dignity, intelligence, cleanliness, good manners, and sound National, civic, and domestic life.

The "Evening Post" and its weekly edition, "The Nation," have appealed very strongly to educated young men, and have produced a definite impression upon the minds of a large number of men, especially in the colleges and universities. This influence has been twofold: it has made the issue between good and bad government, between pure and corrupt civic life, between excessive partisanship and broad-minded independence, definite and clear in the minds of young men, and has given young men an interest in public life by identifying that life, not with machines and bosses, but with the free movement of ideas, with large opportunities of public service, with character and force. The conduct of the "Evening Post" has, moreover, helped to keep alive the tradition of real journalism. Interpreting journalism as a profession and not as a trade, it has illustrated in its own history the influence and the opportunity for thorough, conscientious, and capable work in a serious spirit for high ends. A great deal of the journalism of the country, it is unnecessary to say, has no attractions for the man of intelligence and character; it is of the kind to repel young men who want to make careers. The "Evening Post" has represented the kind of journalism which offers a career that a young man of integrity and ability would eagerly embrace.

The Outlook has often differed as widely as possible from the "Evening Post" on fundamental questions of religion, economics, and politics. It has often regarded the "Evening Post's" methods as calculated to defeat the very reforms which the paper had at heart. The attitude of the "Evening Post" has often been critical rather than constructive, with a pronounced tendency to discourage rather than encourage high-minded and large-hearted effort; but these are faults of attitude and of temper, not faults of character. In all positions and at all times the "Evening Post" has stood for integrity, independence, capacity, and the highest ideals of public service. Of late the extreme critical spirit in its columns has been giving place to the constructive spirit, and the men who are now associated with it in editorial capacities will not only maintain the traditions of the past, but are likely to add greatly to its influence in all the departments in which it has been so long conspicuous for ability and courage.

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Believing unto Righteousness

What is the difference between faith and belief? Faith is defined as believing with the heart. What does that mean? Are there two kinds of believing—one with the intellect, the other with the emotions? Are we to accept scientific theories only in case they are proved to our understanding, but to accept any religious theories if they please us or satisfy our feelings? INQUIRER.

There are four attitudes which the mind may take respecting truth. The first is that of contempt, that of Pilate when Jesus Christ told him that his kingdom was founded on truth. The Roman soldier understood the power of soldiers, of money, of influence, even of a mob—but not the power of truth. "What is truth?" he said, contemptuously; and went out without waiting for an answer. This

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attitude is often found in America to-day: it is that of the cynical politician who believes in the power of money, of offices, of prejudices, but not at all in the power of principles; who sneers at enthusiasms and ideals and scoffs at the "literary feller" in politics and at the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule as an "iridescent dream."

The second attitude is that of one who believes, if not in truth, at least in the power of men's opinions, which are to him its equivalent. Thus Simon Magus regarded truth. He was a famous magician; saw that the teachings and the miracles of Paul produced a profound impression on the community; joined the Church because he expected to find in it a better investment than in his magic; and offered to pay Paul if Paul would induct him into the mysteries of the new religion and give him the power of working miracles. He believed in Paul's beliefs because he thought he could make them profitable. This, too, is common in American society. The politician who recognizes no value in principles is very short-sighted; shrewder is he who sees their political value in a popular canvass. He adopts one principle because it will carry the West, another principle because it will carry the East, and a third principle is discredited because it may lose a doubtful State. Principles he regards as valuable instruments with which to win victory, and perilous when they threaten defeat.

The third attitude is that of curiosity; that of one who believes that there is truth and who desires to know truth, but who has no idea of conforming his character or conduct to it when he has discovered it. This was the attitude of the ancient Athenians, curious always to hear or to tell some new thing. This also is common in America. In this spirit we read our morning papers, curious to see what is the latest news, the latest sensation, or the latest gossip, but uninfluenced by what we read. In this, which we dignify by the title of the scientific or academic spirit, much of our studying is done in school and college. We study economics, not to learn what are the great industrial laws, that we may conform our industries to them, but to ascertain what are the latest theories about the wage-fund. So we study history, not to learn what guidance the experience of the past has for us in the present or the future, but to satisfy our curiosity as to what happened eight hundred or a thousand years ago. So we study theology, not that we may lead better and purer lives, but because we are interested in the latest philosophy, or that we may be amused with the latest fad.

Over against these three attitudes of the soul toward truth is that which we call faith; that which Paul calls believing with the heart unto righteousness.

Faith is believing with the heart; it is believing with the whole nature. He who thus believes has not merely satisfied his curiosity, nor is he content because he has found a new instrument which he can use in his game of life profitably for himself or his party: he has taken possession of the truth and the truth has taken possession of him. It has become a part of his very being, the life of his life. In politics he may be an opportunist, and wish his party to adopt and declare only so much of the truth as it can incorporate into the body politic; but truth is with him an end, not a means: he uses not truth for his party but his party for the truth; conformity to the truth is the standard by which he measures his party; if his party abandons the truth, he abandons his party, because he does not belong to the party, the party belongs to him. Thus he believes in truth *unto* righteousness. It is his object to conform his character and his conduct to the truth. He cares for it only, or chiefly, that he may be conformed to it. He desires to know the truth that he may himself be true.

What is truth? Conformity of an outward symbol to an invisible reality. A stone wall is true when it corresponds to the geometrical perpendicular false just in so far as it fails to correspond. A picture is true when it accords with certain eternal laws of art, false when it is out of accord with them. A creed is true when its definitions call up in the mind intellectual conceptions which are in harmony with the spiritual life of faith and hope and love; false if it is out of harmony with and so dwarfs and deadens that life. A man is true not merely when he thinks true but when he lives true; when he makes, or seeks to make, all his

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life and conduct correspond with the truth, when he desires to know the truth that he may himself be thus true. Then he does not merely possess the truth, the truth possesses him; truth is not his servant, he is the servant of truth; it is not an instrument for carrying out his designs, he is an instrument for carrying it out in concrete realization in his daily life.

Faith is such a belief as this—belief with the whole nature, belief that directs the life and molds the character, belief *with* the heart *unto* righteousness.

All these attitudes of mind exist in the religious realm. There are unnumbered thousands in America who are indifferent to such questions as, Is man immortal? Is there any revelation of God to man? Is there any God to reveal himself? These questions do not interest them. The questions which interest them are the prices in the market, the prospects for the next election, the latest fashion in dress. Their attitude to the religious life is that of an unexpressed but ill-concealed contempt. There are others who are of the opinion that there is a God, and that man is immortal, and that God has revealed himself to man, and they are quite convinced that there is a general opinion of this kind which can be made use of profitably to their church, to themselves, perhaps to others. They use this belief of others and this half-belief of their own to terrify men from evil courses or to allure them into better ones; to comfort them in trouble or inspire them to life; to attach them to the Church or to control them when in it. There are, doubtless, not a few preachers in America, as there are many politicians and perhaps more editors, who ask themselves the question, not, What is truth? but, What will be profitable? To them even religious truth is only an instrument for the service of themselves or their church or their party. There are still others, philosophers these, in their own estimate at least, who are curious to know the latest opinion concerning God, immortality, revelation; or curious to know what is the real truth, what final answer the future will give to the questions, Is there a God? Is he knowable? Does man share his immortal nature? But they are only curious; even if they give to themselves an affirmative answer to all these questions, they live exactly as if they had answered them all in the negative or not answered them at all. Such men may have very orthodox creeds and may be able to defend them; but they have no faith—absolutely none.

To have faith in immortality is not merely to be of the opinion that men will live after death. It is to be possessed by the conviction of immortality; it is to live as an immortal; it is to measure all successes and all defeats, all joys and sorrows, all past disappointments, present duties, and future achievements, by their relation to an eternal life. It is never to grow old, however feeble the body may be, because an immortal cannot age; it is never to be in despair in the presence of death, because death is only a departure, not an extinction. It is to see an awakening in every sleep and a spring in every winter. To have faith in God is not to entertain the opinion that there is *a* God. It is to be possessed by the conviction of his reality and of his personal relation to his children; it is to take guidance, counsel, courage, hope—in a word, life—from him. It is to be full of God; it is to be able to say, as the Master said, "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." To have faith in the Bible and in Christ is not to have an opinion as to the nature of inspiration or as to whether the unity of Christ with the Father is a metaphysical unity or a moral unity: it is to be inspired, directed, dominated, by the conviction that God is in his world; that he was in the lives and experiences of those whose story is told in the Bible; that he was reflected, as in a mirror, in the life of Jesus Christ; and it is to find in this revealing, that is, unveiling, of God, in the Book and in the Person, a way to a like communion with God through the Book and through the Person.

To have faith is not merely to entertain correct opinions on religious topics; it is to be so guided and controlled, so molded and inspired, by truth that all the life becomes true, because the believer is so possessed by the truth that he can say, reverently, with Christ, I am truth. Nothing less than such a possession of the soul by the truth as this deserves to be called faith.

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RELIGIOUS LIFE IN AMERICA[1]

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

II.

The Workingman and the Church

PROBABLY the attention which I shall give to the industrial problem will seem to most readers to be disproportionate to other phases of religious life in America. Certainly the intimate connection between religious life and social problems in America was a surprise to me; indeed, when I finished my trip, I had the feeling that I had failed in my purpose, and that I had been observing phenomena, not of religion, but of sociology. If any generalization is justifiable from such comparatively meager evidence as I have gathered, it is that religion in America is characterized not so much by devoutness as by righteousness, less by the look upward than by the look outward.

Carlyle divided the people of Great Britain into two sects, the Dandiacal Body and the Drudges. My observation has led me to believe that this classification can be said to be measurably true of America as well. "To the psychological eye," Carlyle said, these sects reveal not only their secular significance, but their religious character as well. In America, too, this separation between "the leisure class" and "the working people" has its religious bearing plain to those who look for it. Perhaps the dwellers in Baltimore are too near the subject to avoid strabismus in looking at these two sects in their own city, or to avoid myopy in looking at them as they exist elsewhere. There were three men of the city, however, whom I met that seemed to have pretty straight and clear vision.

One of these was the pastor of a Methodist church in the poorer quarters of the city. He was an Englishman by birth, and most of his life had lived among working people.

"The peculiarity of the workingmen of Baltimore," he said to me, "is that their whole mind is directed on food, clothes, and a good time. What is true of the workingman in this respect is true of the whole city of Baltimore. In Boston, it is said, they ask, 'How much do you know?' in New York, 'How much are you worth?' in Philadelphia, 'Who's your father?' and in Baltimore, 'What is there to eat?' This materialism in all conditions of life is the worst enemy of the churches. Among workingmen it results not so much in hostility as in indifference. When men are mainly set upon supplying their physical wants, it is not strange that the churches, which in this city are mainly concerned not with this life but with the future life, should have no appeal for them. It is the religiosity and the lack of sincerity in the churches that repel the workingmen. As a consequence they go to resorts for sensations. As to the very poor men—and it is among these that I work—they haven't the clothes they think they should wear at church; besides, they are tired after work. If I were not in the Church and were seeking the truth, I shouldn't go to my own church" (he meant by this, I think, any church of his denomination) "to find it. The commercial spirit is driving the working world. In this respect England differs from America; there the close organization of the unions enables the workingmen to work more slowly. Here the intensity of labor which enables Americans to underbid the English brings exhaustion to all concerned in it. In this country workingmen are old at forty." (At the meeting of the Federation of Labor I noticed the preponderance of young men.) "It is this all-possessing commercial spirit which has put the claims of the

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Church to one side. Against this the churches here in Baltimore are timid; they have in them little brain or brawn, and no grasp of the social life. The Methodist ministers here don't know anything about self-sacrifice. They look on me as an amiable lunatic because I have preferred to remain in this church, rather than take places offered me at higher salaries. As if the four Gospels didn't exist!"

This is the view of one man who has the "psychological eye." Another man, a garment-cutter and a member of a church—this description would be almost adequate for identification—had practically the same view as that of the minister I have just quoted. The third man was a Roman Catholic priest, whose eye I recognized as psychological as soon as he turned it on me, and whose heart I knew to be very human as soon as he had talked with me five minutes. He frankly confessed to me that he was "out of sympathy with the rich." This from a man of commanding influence in his Church. He gave me his explanation of the failure of the Church to hold the workingman. He prefaced his remarks with a statement that even in Europe the poor are not to be seen in the churches.

"The predominant vice of clergy, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, is ambition and avarice. This shuts the poor out." Such was the conclusion he had come to after years of directing the Catholic missions to dependent races in America. "State socialism is inevitable. What can the Church do to provide for the people's material welfare? Ever since the Reformation the State has taken over these former functions of the Church—hospitals, schools, libraries, and the like. When in need, the workingman used to turn to the Church. Now he turns to the State. It's queer, very queer," he said, as he bade me good-by—and he spoke with feeling—"how little effect Christianity has upon us. The teachings of Christ, the Sermon on the Mount, the parables of Christ—we hear them, we preach them, but we don't practice them." And, with a Hibernian mixture of homely humor and serious and almost pathetic conviction, he added, "They are like water on a duck's back."

To pretend that these statements give a true impression of the general religious conditions of the city of Baltimore would be absurd. I hope I shall not be misunderstood in this respect. The churches in Baltimore are what may be called, in the ordinary understanding of the term, prosperous. One need only spend a Sunday there to be convinced that a great many people—perhaps an extraordinary proportion of them—attend the services of churches of all denominations. A large number of the churches of the city are doing great good in addition to the services of worship.[1] The old Church of St. Paul's Parish, antedating the founding of the city itself, has not only been a force in the city for generations, but still to-day, with narrowed boundaries and influence circumscribed by the rise of other churches, is doing an ever more widely varying work. The charities of Baltimore, which owe their existence and maintenance to religious motives, are thoroughly well organized; and, in spite of an unjustifiable criticism which I heard a workingman give upon them that they were chiefly for the exploitation of the sentimental rich, are wisely and humanly administered. But, to use the words of a member of St. Paul's Parish, and executive officer not only of the municipal but also of the National charity organization, "the relation between the workingman and the Church is not cordial; and it is the Church's fault." That is equally true if in the word "Church" should be included all organized Christian bodies—even, I think I may say, the Salvation Army—and it is about equally true in all the larger cities of America, and in many of the smaller cities; less true in some, such as New Orleans, than in others, as, for example, St. Louis.

During my trip I met a number of ministers who had gained some reputation for success among workingmen. In most cases I found the reputation resting on rather insecure foundation. As a rule, such success has been greatly magnified; or it has been temporary, originating in the excitement of some industrial agitation and ending with its subsidence; or else it has been a success, not with the great mass of self-respecting, pro-

[1] A monograph on The Church and Popular Education was prepared by the late Professor Herbert B. Adams, of Johns Hopkins University, nearly one-half of which treats of the educational work of Baltimore churches.

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gressive workingmen, but with the slum-dwellers.

Most Christian men, whether ministers or laymen, who have this matter at heart, feel, I think, dismayed at the condition. The fact that they are themselves so keenly aware of the chasm that separates the strong body of laboring men from the forces of organized Christianity makes them just as keenly sensitive to the callous and sometimes even complacent indifference concerning that chasm on the part of the membership of the churches. They recognize, too, that the labor organizations have pre-empted the ground which the churches otherwise might occupy; and even if the churches were eager to span that chasm, they do not know what diplomacy should be used for the purpose of getting a site on the other side for a pier for their bridge. The sincerely pious and churchly woman, who devoutly kneels in her pew, serenely heedless of the fact that the stones of the church in which she worships, the wood on which she rests her head, the very prayer-book or hymnal she holds in her hand, were provided by men entirely untouched by the church for which they had worked, is as near the solution of the problem as those men in whom serenity is impossible so long as the problem lasts.

Typical of those who know the problem, and are too disheartened or daunted to start solving it, was the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at Richmond, Va. He was a native of Pennsylvania, and had been brought up in the labor districts of that State.

"Tackling the problem of 'working'" (he used the word in its religious sense) "among laboring men is very grave," was his opinion. "I've not done it, for I've not seen my way clear. It is very difficult to do anything with the laboring men except through their organizations. I am not sure that I want to identify myself with any labor organizations."

"The Christian Association recognizes that its religious work is to be done through the churches," I replied. "In regard to laboring men, might it not apply the same principles and work through labor unions?"

"That would be true," he said, "if it were not for the fact that labor unions are often bitterly opposed to one another—as bitterly as labor is opposed to capital—and I do not think it is right for the Young Men's Christian Association to enter into these contentions."

"Are these contentions any bitterer than the denominational fights which were even more vehement when the Christian Association originated than now? And the Association has never been involved in purely denominational controversy."

"Perhaps not; but a great deal of tact and care would be needed." And he left the matter there, just about where everybody else leaves it.

The Railroad Young Men's Christian Association is the only considerable organization that I met with which is at all venturing to put the religious life of workingmen into institutional form. Even when it is understood that railroad men are an exceptional body of workingmen, separated in industrial organizations and in class feeling almost as distinctly from other workingmen as from capitalists, still the success of the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association certainly should suggest to the Church at large some possible measures. The Railroad Young Men's Christian Association has shown itself to be elastic in adapting itself to the peculiar conditions of a railroad man's life. Instead of having a theory and trying to make the men conform to it, it has studied the environment of the men and conformed itself to that. The trainmen must have one regular stopping-place besides their homes, at the other end of their route or "run." This fact has determined largely the character of the Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. To the trainman it has aimed at being a second home. To that end it has put foremost, or at least most prominent, the comfort of its quarters; it has provided smoking-rooms, for if it is to be his second home it must be free from unnecessary restrictions based on other people's notions of what is expedient for him to do or not to do. There he finds his time-tables; there he has a bedroom; there he even receives his pay. The same liberal policy is adopted, I am told, in the army and navy Associations. As a result, the members mentally associate the Christian spirit with what in the minds of workingmen generally may be said to be their

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strongest ethical motive—interest in the physical comfort and welfare of the individual, the personal desire on the part of one man that another should be contented and happy. To the ordinary workingman "preaching the Gospel" at him conveys no impression of personal interest in him, on the contrary implies censure or at best condescension; but a comfortable substitute for a home away from home is to him evidence, certainly most convincing evidence, of an understanding of his point of view. It is putting the Gospel into his vernacular. At present "the whole state of Christ's Church" undoubtedly forbids the general adoption or adaptation of what is characteristic of the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association, but in some places it has been attempted with varying success.

In Mississippi I was waiting between trains at a station, when I noticed a dwelling-house designated by a sign as an Association of the Railroad Branch. I spent a few minutes in talking with the secretary and looking over the house. The office was in the smoking-room; the next room was a reading-room or parlor, in which the religious meetings were held; upstairs there were bath-rooms, and bedrooms very little but scrupulously clean. The town was a small one, too small to support more than one Association, and therefore this building answered for the use of the neighborhood as well as for the railroad. The secretary told me that the arrangement worked admirably, and that the freedom from restraint due to railroad influences seemed to give it a local advantage as well.

Of course the fact that the railroad corporations contribute to the financial maintenance of the railroad Associations gives occasion for prejudice against the Associations in the minds of the more bitter among the labor leaders; but this prejudice has not been effective enough to prevent an amazing growth. I imagine the men have much the same ideas about them as a man with whom I fell into conversation as I was going from Harrisburg to Reading, Pa. I found he was a watchman at a crossing; he had lost his legs in an accident, and was reduced by his disability to such simple work. His almost naïvely frank way of talking, and his calmly philosophic way of bearing the inevitable in his lot (he said, for instance, that at the time of his accident he never lost consciousness or worried in the least), gave to his opinions the more weight.

"The P. and R. didn't treat its men very well till lately," he said in answer to a question of mine. "There were two or three accidents the past year or so. On that account all the old bosses were discharged, and now the bosses are all Young Men's Christian Association men and treat their men much better than the old bosses did. They all expect the men to do right. Yes, I'm an active member of the Young Men's Christian Association. I belong to the Hamburg Methodist Episcopal church. Only two or three railroad men belong to that church. They say they are too restricted, can't go off from their homes and get drunk and have a good time. Drinking isn't the thing for a railroad man. Mr. Besler, superintendent of the road, is down on drinking. Some of the men like him and some don't. Then, you know, there are some men that want everything and aren't satisfied with that. The way I look at it, in the church everything is going to style. A poor man can't dress as well as a rich man, and his wife gets jealous because the other man's wife looks better than she does. Some men make fun of the churches and the Young Men's Christian Association, because you pay money in and don't draw any out for 'benefits.'"

"How would it be for the Young Men's Christian Association to have a benefit order?"

"I don't know. It would be all right if they were all honest in the churches and the Young Men's Christian Association, but there are black sheeps in 'em all."

This frank-minded workingman, himself a member of a church and the Young Men's Christian Association, felt less distrust of a railroad corporation than of Christian institutions.

It is not my purpose to present theories concerning any phase of religion in America; but I cannot leave this subject of working people and the Church without setting down certain definite impressions made not merely by the experiences which are here recorded, but also by others for which I have not here the space. I wish I might give these other experiences in full; they would then be more convincing than they

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can be in the condensed form into which I am under the necessity of compressing them.

In the first place, the feeling of workingmen regarding not merely religion, but most specifically institutional Christianity, is not one of apathy. Apparent indifference must be accounted for otherwise than by attributing it to deep-seated apathy. Workingmen are indifferent to any presentation of the Gospel which is a theological statement, in either technical or popular terms, of a scheme by which a problematical soul may find entrance into a problematical heaven; they are equally indifferent to any presentation of practical religious conduct which amounts to the substitution of somebody else's conscience for their own. But they are not indifferent to religion itself, nor to the Church itself. A few questions, for instance, about religion, enough to suggest that somebody, supposably identified with institutional Christianity, is interested in the religion of the workingman, were enough, I learned, to awaken the delegates of all the trades-unions of a city to a quick and ingenuous response. The apathetic are not so easily aroused.

Then it may safely be said that the workingman is perfectly prepared to have religion deal directly and explicitly with the most perplexing and burdensome problems of his life. Throughout the course of my trip I was constantly meeting with this explanation of empty churches—that ministers deal too much with the "live issues" of daily life which people want to forget, to have banished from their minds by the ministrations of the Church. The workingman will never go to church to forget his cares. He convinced me of that by telling me of his knowledge of other pleasanter and more effectual means. If he ever will go to church, it will be when the church, through its ministers standing in the pulpits on Sundays, declares its acquaintance with his perplexities and its purpose not to gloze them and wheedle him into forgetting them, but to join with him in getting rid of their cause. The good news of a church set on ridding him of the evils he is suffering from would be a gospel he would be glad to hear preached.

Furthermore, at present a workingman is ill at ease in church; he feels there more than anywhere else the assertion of social distinctions. As he puts it, in the opera-house he can buy his right to a seat with money as good as anybody else's, or in a beer-garden he can buy as good drinks as anybody can for the sum he is willing to spend, but in a church—well, he is admitted on sufferance. And he feels these social distinctions quite as much in the missions as he does in the "fashionable churches" that support them. He would never support a Workingman's Theater; when he wants to see a play he is willing to go only to *the* theater. Just so he will be satisfied, not with a chapel, or even a "Workingman's Church," but only with The Church. To his thinking the Church Trust is an accomplished fact—well capitalized. This may be purely the figment of his imagination, but it is effectual in excluding him just the same. It is only reporting the substance of what has repeatedly been said to me to affirm that the only way in which this feeling of the workingman concerning the social aloofness of the Church can be removed is by the Church's forgetting its pride and proving itself by some positive action not guilty.

Still further: the ideas of the Church, and especially of ministers, which workingmen have, have been formed from the reports of sermons which appear in the newspapers. Time and again workingmen have said to me, "You don't read in the papers of any ministers preaching about this or that," or, "Such and such a view is what the ministers teach, for I always read the sermons in the Monday papers."

Here I may mention an illustration of the erroneous impressions they are liable to receive from this fact. After my visit to the meeting of the trades-union delegates, described in the foregoing article, a reporter interviewed me. The next day I bought a copy of his paper to see what he had said. There, in a conspicuous place, was a headline in heavy-face type, "No Religion," followed in smaller type by the words "Allowed to be Discussed at the Federation of Labor Meeting." From this entirely accurate statement of fact the conclusion was almost inevitable that the delegates showed antagonism to religion—a conclusion entirely at odds with the cordial interest they from first to last displayed. The one preacher in

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Baltimore who seemed to be universally popular among workingmen, I found by inquiry, had probably not a single workingman in his church. The most enthusiastic of his admirers with whom I talked had, I believe, never heard him preach. It was apparently only from the newspapers, in which his sermons often appeared, that the workingmen had any knowledge of him, and on his newspaper reputation his popularity among them almost wholly rested.

Without question, the standards which the workingman applies to institutional Christianity are largely materialistic. It does no good, however, to call his religion a Mud-Philosophy and dismiss it as such. Christianity is a seed: it needs a soil. A cup of cold water is quite as materialistic as anything the workingman craves, and appears quite as unpromising in spiritual results; but it sufficed as a test for Christ to apply to his disciples. I was sorry to find that the workingmen of Baltimore, like the rest of mankind in general, were selfish in their notions of religion. I found the question uppermost in their minds as they think of the Church is the one more than once put to me, "What is there in it for us?" I cannot see, however, that that affords any reason for the Church to turn away from them until they are of better mind. If the Gospels are to be believed, this same question was uppermost in the minds of the twelve Apostles; but Christ accepted them as material out of which to form his Church.

In Baltimore materialism is certainly in its best estate—from its club dinners, which I thankfully ate, to the financial health of its charities. Surely material prosperity adorns many virtues, such as hospitality (to this I gratefully testify), and public spirit (witness the city's many splendid monuments and beautiful streets), and piety (enriched with liturgy and music); but also covers, in quite different fashion from charity's way, a multitude of sins. It was not mere chance that led me to find the problem of the separation between the Church and the workingman most representatively exhibited in the city of Baltimore. It is, therefore, to this aspect of religious life in Baltimore, rather than to other aspects more cheering and more typical of the city, that I have almost exclusively confined these two articles.

The only apology I have to offer for devoting so large a proportion of this series of articles to the relation between workingmen and the Church in Baltimore is that in my experiences the industrial problem impressed me as constituting a tremendous factor in the religious life of America in these days, and that in Baltimore I found conditions largely representative of conditions throughout the country. Further references to the subject in these articles will be mainly incidental.

Ruling Classes in a Democracy[1]

By Henry van Dyke

A DEMOCRACY differs from a monarchy, an empire, and an aristocracy, not in the absence of ruling classes, but in the method by which they are selected. Government without rulers is as impossible as steering without rudders. Man is by nature a civil creature. His natural rights, however you may define them, coexist with a natural instinct of organization. Organization implies order. Order implies control. Control implies authority. Authority implies a ruling class.

Rudiments of this civil instinct may be seen in some of the lower animals. Bees and ants reflect the image of an articulate state. Herds of elephants and horses, colonies of birds and beavers, are obedient to leadership and direction. In almost every case we can measure a creature's place in the scale of intelligence by the force and efficiency of the civil instinct. Man is no exception, but the great example. The first social problem is the problem of rule: who shall exercise it, how far shall it go, and by what means shall it be enforced? The highest social triumph is the establishment of authority in the hands of those who are best fitted to exercise it.

But while man has an instinct which recognizes and seeks this end, he has also an impulse which rebels against the

[1] An address delivered at the Centennial of the University of Georgia.

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means adapted to secure it. The freedom of the will carries with it the craving for unrestrained liberty of action. But liberty absolutely unrestrained is inconsistent with the existence of any kind of law. If you are free to do just what you please, and I am free to do precisely what I like, it is not probable that peace will prevail along our line-fences; at least until we are both perfectly sanctified and the millennium arrives, which is evidently some distance away. Meantime it is quite necessary for both of us that there should be some one authorized and competent to say what shall be done about these line-fences; and how the roads which we use in common shall be kept up; and how the agreements which we make to exchange our labor or the products of our labor shall be enforced; and what means shall be used to guard us both against common dangers and disasters; and how the cost of these things shall be divided. This is rule. The men who have "the say" about these subjects belong to the ruling classes. Against them, and against the things that they say, the human impulse of unregulated freedom always reluctates.

Few men doubt their ability to make laws. Most men, at some time or other, dislike the necessity of obeying them. Personal restraints are not often personal pleasures. The visit of the tax-collector seldom gives unmixed joy. It is easier to do what you please than to do what you ought. Individual rights seem more concrete and familiar than reciprocal duties. Under every form of government known to man there has been, there still is, and there probably will be, an element of discontent and restlessness arising from the natural human impulse—natural at least to man in his present condition—to resist rule.

The problem of civilization is how to subdue this impulse by correlating individual rights with social duties, and how to develop, enlighten, and guide the civil instinct which seeks order through rule.

Now, it is evident that the method of selecting the ruling classes must have a considerable influence in the working out of this problem. It is true that at any given time people are most likely to be contented, peaceful, and happy under the rulers who actually give them the most firm, orderly, and equitable government, no matter how they may have been selected. There is a certain amount of hard common sense in the remark of Alexander Pope, although it was made in poetry:

> For forms of government let fools contest;
> Whate'er is best administered is best.

But the wisdom of this couplet is confined to the present tense. It is good only for the moment at which it is uttered. A government may be well administered to-day, badly administered to-morrow. The great question is, how to secure a continuity of good administration. How shall the men who are best qualified to control and direct the common interests of their fellow-men be discovered? How shall they be sanctioned in the use of just authority, and restrained from the exercise of unjust tyranny? How shall it be made most easy to correct the accident of power falling into unfit hands? How shall the great force of public opinion, from which, in the last analysis, all governments derive their energy and stability—how shall this common sense of justice and right be satisfied in the selection of the ruling class?

Different methods have been devised. They may be classed under three heads: autocratic, automatic, and democratic.

The autocratic method practically amounts to allowing the chief ruler to select himself and appoint his subordinates. This is the oldest method and the rudest—

> the simple plan
> That those should take who have the power,
> And those should keep who can.

It is based upon the assumption that might coincides with right—which would be convenient if it were true. It would be a great saving of time if we could just let the strongest man rule, and feel sure that he was the best. But, unfortunately, the history of imperial sway does not support this idea. When an autocrat imposes the taxes, there is often "the de'il to pay." And when a tyrant chooses the judges, Justice does not need to have her eyes bandaged, for she is stone-blind already.

The automatic method relies upon heredity to supply the ruling classes. Certain families are endowed with titles and powers, and the head of a particular

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family inherits the sovereignty. All that he has to do is to be born at the right time, and live long enough, and the scepter comes to him as a matter of course. Meantime natural forces are at work producing hereditary legislators to support and share his power. The scheme has an aspect of antique dignity and piety. It appears to put great reliance upon Providence, and, indeed, has often sanctioned itself in old times by an appeal to the "Divine Right of Kings." In practice it has two very serious drawbacks. First, the wrong families may be chosen to start the procession; and, second, the so-called law of heredity often produces very unexpected and curious results.

The democratic method intrusts the selection of the ruling classes to the collective reason and justice of the people. In the conduct of government it appeals to the governed for their *consent.* This does not mean their permission merely, for if this were the meaning, it would be equally true of a constitutional monarchy, and even of a benevolent and popular empire. The subjects of Edward VII. and of William II. "consent," in this sense, to their governments, with practically as much unanimity as the citizens of the United States feel at any given time in consenting to the authority of the President in office. The "consent" of democracy, if it has any distinctive meaning, signifies the thinking together, the acting together, of the people in the choice of their rulers, and, consequently, in the direction of the State. Three things are essential to the reality of this popular participation.

First, there must be an untrammeled opportunity for the people to express their choice by suffrage. It is by no means necessary that this suffrage should be universal. As a matter of fact, it never has been. There is no nation known to history in which all citizens, male and female, old and young, native and foreign-born, have had the suffrage. It is not a common right. It is a civil privilege intended to protect common rights. It has always been restricted in one way or another. The only things necessary to its sufficiency are that it should be truly representative, and that the conditions which restrict it should be equal for all, except in the case of forfeiture for crime.

The second essential of popular participation in government is that the terms of office of those who are chosen to rule should be so limited that changes of national judgment, arising from experience, from education, or from changed circumstances, may be made effective without rebellion or revolution.

The third essential is that the functions and powers of the ruling classes thus chosen should be restricted to those which are actually conferred in the choice. For this reason there can be no real and permanent democracy without a Constitution. True democrats are jealous and zealous for the sanctity of the Constitution. They know that it is the sea-wall between them and autocracy.

Now, where these three essentials exist—a representative and equal suffrage, periodical opportunity for the people to change their rulers peacefully, and a careful limitation of official powers by the Constitution—there is genuine democracy.

Foreign critics say that the United States is not a truly democratic country because the people are not all on a level, all alike. But when did democracy offer to guarantee the similarity of people, or grade mankind down to a dead flat? When all the trees in the forest have the same number of leaves, when all the rivers that flow into the sea contain the same number of fish, when all the fields in the farm bear the same crop, then will all men be alike in their power and skill, and consequently on a level in degree and station. Democracy is no miracle-worker, no infidel towards natural law. Democracy declares that men, unequal in their endowments, shall be equal in their rights to develop those endowments. Classes must exist in every social order—ruling classes, teaching classes, agricultural classes, manufacturing classes, commercial classes. All these are in the laboring class, but their labor is divided. The moment you begin to divide labor you begin to differentiate men. The moment you have men developed, by different kinds of work, on different sides of their nature, you have classes. But what democracy says is that there shall be no locked doors between these classes. Every stairway shall be open. Every opportunity

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shall be free. Every talent shall have an equal chance to earn another talent. I think we may claim that this is the case in the United States, at least to a larger extent than ever before in the history of the world. Not all the farmers' boys in the country may become Presidents of the Nation. That would be physically impossible. But any of them may do so, and several of them have done so. Some of them, like Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, attained such eminence and power that the Presidency could hardly have added to their fame.

These cases are not accidents. They are logical evidences of an equality among men in the only sense in which equality is possible—equality of opportunity. This equality is no nebulous dream of a State in which degree is abolished and every man is as mediocre as everybody else. It is a real escape from the tyranny of artificial and hereditary distinctions; a real approximation of position and fitness, honor and ability. It is safeguarded, and its effects are diffused in some measure through the whole fabric of social life, not by any mere legal enactment, but by something vastly stronger and more efficient: the state of mind which is created in the people by committing to them the choice of their own ruling classes. Herein is fulfilled the divine prophecy of democracy: "And their nobles shall be of themselves, and their governors shall proceed from the midst of them" (Jer. xxx., 21).

In regard to this democratic method of electing rulers there are three things which I should like to say, with as much emphasis and clearness as may be consistent with necessary brevity.

I. It is the highest and most reasonable method. In the case of ignorant, undeveloped peoples, with whom the impulse of resistance is stronger than the instinct of order, the other methods may be necessary. But they are to be considered as punitive, corrective, disciplinary. All peoples, like all children, should be regarded as on their way to self-rule. When they are able to maintain it, they are entitled to have it. All arguments against the democratic method based on the weakness, folly, and selfishness of human nature apply with greater force to the autocratic and automatic methods. The individual follies of a multitude of men often neutralize one another, leaving an active residuum of plain common sense; but for a fool king there is no natural antidote, and sometimes men have sadly found that the only way to set his head straight was to remove it.

It is said that democracies are peculiarly subject to the bacillus of financial delusion and the resultant boom-fever and panic-chill. But the Mississippi Scheme and the South Sea Bubble flourished under monarchical institutions; and the worst-depreciated currencies in the world have been stamped with the image and superscription of kings.

It is said that democracies are reckless, extravagant, spendthrift, and that official dishonesty and corruption thrive in them. But it would be difficult to parallel the extravagance and corruption of the Government of France under the Bourbons in the history of any Republic. The Russian railway across Siberia has been built through a quagmire of public peculation as vast as the Empire itself. And when the records of South Africa are fully written, unless all signs fail, it will be found that the pickings of the rulers of the Boer Republics, compared with those of the servants of the new British Overlord of the Transvaal, are on the scale of one horse to a thousand mules.

It is said that democracies sometimes choose weak, incompetent, and even bad men for their ruling classes. So they do. But they have no monopoly in this respect. The automatic method of selecting rulers produced Charles II. and James II. and George III. It would be difficult to surpass in any republic the folly which selected Lord North to guide the policy of Great Britain at a time when Lord Chatham, Charles James Fox, and Edmund Burke were on the stage. Yet this was done, not by an ignorant democracy, but by an automatic king. Nor does the autocratic plan of allowing rulers to choose themselves work any more infallibly. France has had two examples of it in the last century. Napoleon I. was a catastrophe. Napoleon III. was a crime.

All that may be said of the propriety of appealing to Providence and trusting God for the ordaining of the powers that be, applies to the democratic method even more than to any other. Why should we suppose that Providence has anything more

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to do with the ambition of a strong man to climb a throne than with the desire of a great people to make a strong man their leader? Why should we imagine that God is any more willing to direct the intricacies of royal marriages and regulate the matrimonial alliances of titled personages for the sake of producing proper kings and lords, than to guide the thoughts and desires of a great people and turn their hearts to the choice of good presidents? The characteristic of democracy, says James Russell Lowell, is its habit of "asking the Powers that Be, at the most inconvenient moment, whether they are the Powers that Ought to Be." And what is this question but an appeal to the Divine Judgment and Law? There is as much room for Providence in the growth of public opinion as in the rise and propagation of a royal house. What royal house is there that goes so far to vindicate the ways of God to man as the succession of Presidents chosen by the people of the American Republic? Some of the choices have not been brilliant, a few have been unfortunate, none has been evil or corrupt. There is no line of hereditary kings, no line of autocratic emperors, that claims as many great men, or half as many good men, in an equal period of time.

There is warrant, then, in reason and in experience, for believing in the divine right of democracy. It is not the only righteous and lawful method of selecting rulers, but it is the highest and most reasonable. We lift our patriotism above the shallow and flashy enthusiasm for institutions merely because they are ours. We confide ourselves to the hopeful and progressive view of human nature, to the faith that God is able to make truth and right reason prevail in the arena of public opinion. We bless the memory of our first and greatest hero because he had no desire for a crown, and so made the choice of ruling classes in the United States neither autocratic nor automatic, but democratic.

II. But this method of providing for civil rule has its dangers, which cannot be denied, and which ought not to be forgotten.

Government by majority is not an infallible device for securing the best wisdom at any particular moment. It is a good working plan for determining the experiments which need to be tried in order to determine, by success or failure, the direction in which the best wisdom lies. Our local failures ought to be as instructive as our general success. In our prosperity we should imitate the custom of the Romans, who sobered the joys of a public triumph by the presence of a monitor to warn the victor that he was not exempt from the dangers and frailties of mortality.

Three chief perils attend the democratic method of selecting the ruling classes:

The red peril of the rise of the demagogue.

The yellow peril of the dominance of wealth.

The black peril of the rule of the Boss.

There is a singular relationship of blood and marriage among these perils. They are interwoven and concomitant. Unlike as are the men in whom they are separately embodied, the man through whom they all become possible is one and the same—the celebrated "man with the hoe."

Hear a parable of the machine, the money-bag, the mouth, and the hoe. The man with the machine persuaded the man with the hoe to vote precisely as he told him, and thus made himself of much value as a commodity of barter or an instrument of assessment. The man with the money-bag, desiring protection or power, went into the market-place and found there the man with the machine, whereupon these two discovered a community of interest. This worked well until the man with the hoe grew suspicious that his part in the transaction, while the most important, was the least profitable. Then appeared the man with the mouth, promising to wind up the concern, distribute the assets, and alter the laws of nature so far as necessary to effect a universal exchange of hoes for money-bags. This programme was not fully carried out. But the machine was put temporarily out of repair; the money-bag was sent abroad for its health; the mouth had an opportunity to explain some of its promises and retract the rest; and the hoe, having marched in several processions and gained much experience, went on hoeing as before.

I do not mean to say that this somewhat allegorical description has ever been completely realized, on any large scale, in our country. But certain fragmentary

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features of it may be dimly recognized, here and there, in our politics. Men whose chief distinction is their wealth, men whose only profession is the manipulation of political wires (underground), men who are related to real statesmen as quacks to real physicians, have at times found their way into our ruling classes. Their presence is a menace to the integrity and security of the democracy.

Legislation hostile to wealth is political brigandage. Legislation subservient to wealth is political suicide. It cannot be denied that "money talks." The thing to be prevented is that money should talk with more tongues than belong to it, and that it should say things that are neither true nor just, and that these things should be made laws for the people.

It is not likely that rich men, by virtue of their riches, will ever become the ruling class in this country, in the open. The natural operation of jealousy and envy will take care of that. The possession of a large estate, in the eyes of those who do not consider how it was acquired nor how it is used, will always be a cause of suspicion, often, as in the case of Washington, most ungenerous and unjust. But that rich men should endeavor to control legislation, local and National, in their own interest, and to secure influence and thus to become a ruling class in secret, is more than likely. It is natural. It is a fact.

But what makes it possible in a democracy? No one could buy a vote if some one else were not willing to sell a vote. No one could run a Legislature from his office if there were not a lobby at the capitol. No lobby could do business if there were not a machine. And no machine can fulfill the law of its own being without evolving a boss. Here is the law of development of this species of political creature. First a society; then a faction; then a gang; then a clique; then a ring; then a Big Four, or Five, or Six; then a Boss.

There are States in this country where a single man owns virtually all the places from the mayoralty of the biggest town down to the postmastership of the smallest village. There are cities in this country where the public franchises, the public pay-roll, and the public offices have been for years practically under the control of a secret society, and this secret society under control of a chief as autocratic as Rob Roy or Robin Hood. This is a ruling class with a vengeance. This is democracy transformed.

It would not be so bad, perhaps, if it were an intelligent, benevolent, public-spirited despotism. But, as a rule, this kind of rule is marked by shrewd ignorance, crass selfishness, bold dishonesty. Its dark consummate flower is William M. Tweed, of New York, who reigned over the city for seven years; stole $6,000,000 or more for himself, and $60,000,000 or more for his followers; was indorsed at the height of his corruption by six of the richest citizens of the metropolis; had a public statue offered to him by the New York "Sun" as "a noble benefactor of the city;" and summed up his career, at the time of his commitment to the penitentiary, in the following conversation with the warden:

"What is your occupation?" "Statesman."

"What is your religion?" "None."

It is an error to assume, and a crime to assert, that rulers of this type are common in our country. The Tweeds are not normal; they are exceptional. They have not yet become endemic, though in certain localities they seem almost epidemic. They have not infected the higher levels of National government, but they have sometimes made themselves felt there. And their presence, the power that they wield through the poor man whom they cajole and deceive, and through the rich man whom they threaten and serve, the possibilities of wider and deeper corruption which they suggest, ought to remind us that the democratic method of selecting rulers, although, or perhaps because, it is the highest and most reasonable, needs to be all the more closely watched, safeguarded, and defended against its own inherent dangers.

III. What, then, is the safeguard of democracy in the choice of the ruling classes? We have certainly put all our eggs into the basket of popular suffrage. How shall we watch and protect that basket?

Education is the only possible safeguard which is in harmony with our principles and has the power to defend our institutions without enslaving them. I know

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not how this truth could be expressed more lucidly and nobly than it was stated in the charter of the University of Georgia in 1785:

> As it is the distinguishing happiness of her governments that civil order should be the result of choice and not of necessity, and the common wishes of the people become the law of the land, their public prosperity and even existence very much depend upon suitably forming the minds and morals of their citizens. . . . This is an influence beyond the reach of laws and punishments, and can be claimed only by religion and education.

"Platitudes!" I hear some votary of novelty exclaim. Then so are virtue and honor and patriotism platitudes. It is by forgetting platitudes that men and nations are ruined. Platitudes are truths that are flat, level, and therefore fitted to use as foundations. It is by building on such foundations that social and political fabrics are made firm, square, and enduring.

"The first need of our country," said Lord Rosebery in his Rectorial Address before the University of Glasgow in 1900, "is the want of men. We want men for all sorts of high positions—first-rate men if possible; if not, as nearly first-rate as may be."

But what means of producing first-rate men has been discovered, except education? I do not mean decorative education which adorns a chosen few with the tinsel gewgaws of useless accomplishments. I mean creative education which aims to draw out and discipline all that is best in manhood—to make the mind clear and firm by study, the body strong and obedient by exercise, the moral sense confident and inflexible by disclosing the eternal principles upon which it rests.

What means except education can produce that other kind of men, whom Lord Rosebery did not mention, but who are no less essential to the welfare of a democracy—men who are capable of recognizing first-rate men, and choosing them for the ruling classes?

It is of little use for a republic to have higher institutions of learning producing men of wisdom and power, unless it has also a system of general, nay, of universal, education producing popular respect for wisdom and power. The university at the summit, reaching as high as human intelligence can go, the common school at the basis, spreading as wide as human nature itself, and between them the best attainable system of grammar schools and high schools and academies, and spreading out from them an ever-developing organization of technical and professional institutions—these are the defenses of the republic.

It was the opinion of Thomas Jefferson that the best service he rendered to his countrymen was in the thought which he gave to the unfolding of this doctrine, and the work which he did to put it into practice in Virginia. Certainly there was no other way in which he showed more truly that he was a democrat.

Suppose, for example, that we are compelled to meet practically one of the dangers which are inherent in government by democracy. Suppose that by the extension of the suffrage the power of choosing rulers has come into the hands of a mass of ignorant voters like the negroes in some of the Southern States—coherent in their action, because they are bound together by racial or social ties; incoherent in their judgment, because their only real unity lies in the absence of knowledge and fixed principle. This coherent mass of incoherency, like a cargo of loose wheat in the hold of a ship, will imperil the equilibrium of the State at every hour of storm and stress. The privilege of suffrage bestowed on ignorance is not a protection of natural rights; it is a detriment to them. It is like a diamond hung around the neck of a child, an invitation to kidnappers; like a can of dynamite in the hands of a fool, a prophecy of explosion. But how is the difficulty to be removed, the danger to be arrested? Only two methods are possible—the restriction of the suffrage and the education of the ignorant.

The restriction of the suffrage is a temporary expedient. It may be wise, it may even be indispensable under certain conditions. Certainly there can be no objection to it if it be accomplished through laws which are alike for all and uncolored by prejudice. But at best it goes no further than that process which physicians call the encystment of a tumor. It shuts the evil up in a sac, but it does not take it away. The man who does not know enough to be trusted with a vote can never be a pleasant or a safe

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neighbor. The man who is too ignorant to choose his own rulers will never be an easy citizen for any one to rule.

But education, though a slow remedy, is thoroughgoing. It reaches the root of the disease. Wisdom and justice alike demand that the permanent cure should be used even while the temporary palliation is applied. A wise and loyal democracy will never restrict the suffrage by an educational qualification, without providing, at the same time, the educational privileges which will ultimately lift all its citizens above the level of the restriction.

The amount of money to be expended by a democracy in public education is to be measured by the standard of intelligent manhood which it sets for its citizens. The standard, I say, for, after all, in these matters it is the silent ideal in the hearts of the people which molds character and guides action. What is your ideal of a right American? The answer to that question will determine whether you think we ought to do more or less for popular education.

For my part, I reckon that, as the enlightenment and discipline of manhood is the corner-stone and the capstone of a democracy, so it ought to be the object of our chief care and our largest expenditure.

If our naval and military expenses ever surpass or even equal our educational expenses, we shall be on the wrong track. If we ever put the fortress and the fleet above, or even on a level with, the schoolhouse and the university, our sense of perspective will be out of focus. If we ever spend more to inspire awe and fear in other peoples than to cultivate intelligence and character in our own, we shall be spendthrifts on the road to the worst kind of bankruptcy—a bankruptcy of men.

The history of our country is full of noteworthy testimony to this view of things. I have spoken of Thomas Jefferson and the University of Virginia. I would speak also, if there were time, of the hero of the South, that very noble gentleman, Robert E. Lee, crowning his life with the work which he did as president of a college. I would speak of our only living ex-President, who, though not himself a college man, bears eloquent and sturdy witness, by speech and action, to the surpassing value of education, and uses his extraordinary gift of applying large and simple ideas to National questions, in the service of the young men of the country as a lecturer in Princeton University. I would speak also of the splendid benefaction which an Americanized Scotchman has just made to the universities of his native land, and express the hope that it is the earnest and prophecy of yet more splendid donations to education in his adopted country. And not from one man alone, but from many men, enriched by Divine Providence above their fellows in mind, in powers of leadership, as in money, who shall recognize their duty to devote their influence, their wealth, their ability, and themselves to the cause of education vital to the Republic.

We want the common school more generously supported and more intelligently directed, so that the power to read and think shall become the property of all, and so that the principles of morality, which must be based on religion, shall be taught to every American child. We want the door between the common school and the university wide open, so that the path which leads upward from the little red school-house to the highest temple of learning shall be free, and the path that leads downward from academic halls to the lowliest dwelling and workshop of instruction shall be honorable. We want a community of interest and a co-operation of forces between the public-school teacher and the college faculty. We want academic freedom, so that the institutions of learning may be free from all suspicion of secret control by the money-bag or the machine. We want democratic universities, where a man is honored only for what he is and what he knows. We want American education, so that every citizen shall not only believe in democracy, but know what it means, what it costs, and what it is worth.

"O thronèd Freedom, unto thee is brought
  Empire; nor falsehood, nor blood-payment asked;
Who never through deceit thine ends hast sought,
  Nor toiling millions for ambition tasked;
    Unlike the fools who build the throne
      On fraud and wrong and woe;
    For man at last will take his own,
      Nor count the overthrow;
But far from these is set thy continent,
  Nor fears the Revolution in man's rise;

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On laws that with the weal of all consent,
And saving truths that make the people wise.
For thou art founded in the eternal fact
That every man doth greaten with the act
Of freedom; and doth strengthen with the weight
Of duty; and diviner molds his fate,
By sharp experience taught the thing he lacked
God's pupil; thy large maxim framed, though late,
Who masters best himself best serves the State."

The Man from Glengarry[1]

By Ralph Connor

Author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," etc.

Chapter XXIV.—The West

THE meeting of the shareholders of the British-American Lumber and Coal Company was, on the whole, a stormy one, for the very best of reasons —the failure of the company to pay dividends. The annual report which the president presented showed clearly that there was a slight increase in expenditure and a considerable falling off in sales, and it needed but a little mathematical ability to reach the conclusion that in a comparatively short time the company would be bankrupt. The shareholders were thoroughly disgusted with the British Columbia end of the business, and were on the lookout for a victim. Naturally their choice fell upon the manager. The concern failed to pay. It was the manager's business to make it pay, and the failure must be laid to his charge. Their confidence in their manager was all the more shaken by the reports that had reached them of his peculiar fads—his reading-room, library, etc. These were sufficient evidence of his lack of business ability. He was, undoubtedly, a worthy young man, but there was every ground to believe that he was something of a visionary, and men with great hesitation intrust hard cash to the management of an idealist. It was, perhaps, unfortunate for Mr. St. Clair that he should be appealed to upon this point, for his reluctance to express an opinion as to the ability of the manager, and his admission that possibly the young man might properly be termed a visionary, brought Colonel Thorp sharply to his feet.

"Mr. St. Clair," said the Colonel, in a cool, cutting voice, "will not hesitate to bear testimony to the fact that our manager is a man whose integrity cannot be tampered with. If I mistake not, Mr. St. Clair has had evidence of this."

Mr. St. Clair hastened to bear the very strongest testimony to the manager's integrity.

"And Mr. St. Clair, I have no doubt," went on the Colonel, "will be equally ready to bear testimony to the conspicuous ability our manager displayed while he was in the service of the Raymond and St. Clair Lumber Company."

Mr. St. Clair promptly corroborated the Colonel's statement.

"We are sure of two things, therefore," continued the Colonel: "that our manager is a man of integrity, and that he has displayed conspicuous business ability in his former positions."

At this point the Colonel was interrupted, and his attention was called to the fact that the reports showed an increase of expenditure for supplies and for wages, and, on the other hand, a falling off in the revenue from the stores. But the Colonel passed over these points as insignificant. "It is clear," he proceeded, "that the cause of failure does not lie in the management, but in the state of the market. The political situation in that country is very doubtful, and this has an exceedingly depressing effect upon business."

"Then," interrupted a shareholder, "it is time the company should withdraw from that country and confine itself to a district where the market is sure and the future more stable."

"What about these fads, Colonel?" asked another shareholder; "these reading-rooms, libraries, and so on? Do you think we pay a man to establish that sort of thing? To my mind they simply put a lot of nonsense into the heads of the workingmen, and are the chief cause of dissatisfaction." Upon this point the Colonel did not feel competent to reply; consequently

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the feeling of the meeting became decidedly hostile to the present manager, and a resolution was offered demanding his resignation. It was also agreed that the board of directors should consider the advisability of withdrawing altogether from British Columbia, inasmuch as the future of that country seemed to be very uncertain. Thereupon Colonel Thorp rose and begged leave to withdraw his name from the directorate of the company. He thought it was unwise to abandon a country where they had spent large sums of money, without a thorough investigation of the situation, and he further desired to enter his protest against the injustice of making their manager suffer for a failure for which he had in no way been shown to be responsible. But the shareholders refused to even consider Colonel Thorp's request, and both the president and secretary exhausted their eloquence in eulogizing his value to the company. As a compromise, it was finally decided to continue operations in British Columbia for another season. Colonel Thorp declared that the reforms and reorganization schemes inaugurated by Ranald would result in great reductions in the cost of production, and that Ranald should be given opportunity to demonstrate the success or failure of his plans; and, further, the political situation doubtless would be more settled. The wisdom of this decision was manifested later.

The spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction appeared again at the next annual meeting, for while conditions were improving, dividends were not yet forthcoming. Once again Colonel Thorp successfully championed Ranald's cause, this time insisting that a further test of two seasons be made, prophesying that not only would the present deficit disappear, but that their patience and confidence would be amply rewarded.

Yielding to pressure, and desiring to acquaint himself with actual conditions from personal observation, Colonel Thorp concluded to visit British Columbia the autumn preceding the annual meeting which was to succeed Ranald's period of probation.

Therefore it was that Colonel Thorp found himself on the coast steamship Oregon approaching the city of Victoria. He had not enjoyed his voyage, and was, consequently, in no mood to receive the note which was handed him by a brisk young man at the landing.

"Who's this from, Pat?" said the Colonel, taking the note.

"Mike, if you please—Michael Cole, if you don't mind; and the note is from the boss, Mr. Macdonald, who has gone up the country, and can't be here to welcome you."

"Gone up the country!" roared the Colonel; "what in thunder does he mean by going up the country at this particular time?"

But Mr. Michael Cole was quite undisturbed by the Colonel's wrath. "You might find the reason in the note," he said, coolly, and the Colonel, glaring at him, opened the note and read:

My Dear Colonel Thorp: I am greatly disappointed in not being able to meet you. The truth is, I only received your letter this week. Our mails are none too prompt, and so I have been unable to rearrange my plans. I find it necessary to run up the river for a couple of weeks. In the meantime, thinking that possibly you might like to see something of our country, I have arranged that you should join the party of the Lieutenant-Governor on their trip to the interior, which will take only about four weeks' time. The party are going to visit the most interesting districts of our country, including both the famous mining district of Cariboo and the beautiful valley of the Okanagan. Mr. Cole, my clerk, will introduce you to Mr. Blair, our member of Parliament for Westminster, who will present you to the rest of the party. Mr. Blair, I need not say, is one of the brightest business men in the West. I shall meet you at Yale on your return. If it is absolutely impossible for you to take this trip, and necessary that I should return at once, Mr. Cole will see that a special messenger is sent to me, but I would strongly urge that you go, if possible.

With kind regards,

"Look here, young man," yelled the Colonel, "do you think I've come all this way to go gallivanting around the country with any blamed royal party?"

"I don't know, Colonel," said young Cole, brightly; "but I tell you I'd like mighty well to go in your place."

"And where in the nation *is* your boss, and what's he after, anyway?"

"He's away up the river looking after business, and pretty big business, too," said Coley, not at all overawed by the Colonel's wrath.

"Well, I hope he knows himself," said the Colonel.

"Oh, don't make any mistake about

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that, Colonel," said young Cole; "he always knows where he's going and what he wants, and he gets it." But the Colonel made no reply, nor did he deign to notice Mr. Michael Cole again until they had arrived at the New Westminster landing.

"The boss didn't know," said Coley, approaching the Colonel with some degree of care, "whether you would like to go to the hotel or to his rooms; you can take your choice. The hotel is not of the best, and he thought perhaps you could put up with his rooms."

"All right," said the Colonel; "I guess they'll suit me."

The Colonel made no mistake in deciding for Ranald's quarters. They consisted of two rooms that formed one corner of a long wooden, single-story building in the shape of an L. One of these rooms Ranald made his dining-room and bedroom, the other was his office. The rest of the building was divided into three sections, and constituted a drawing-room, reading-room, and bunk-room for the men. The walls of these rooms were decorated not inartistically with a few colored prints and with cuts from illustrated papers, many and divers. The furniture throughout was home-made, with the single exception of a cabinet organ which stood in one corner of the reading-room. On the windows of the dining-room and bunk-room were green roller-blinds, but those of the reading-room were draped with curtains of flowered muslin. Indeed, the reading-room was distinguished from the others by a more artistic and elaborate decoration and by a greater variety of furniture. The room was evidently the pride of the company's heart. In Ranald's private room the same simplicity in furniture and decoration was apparent, but when the Colonel was ushered into the bedroom his eye fell at once upon two photographs, beautifully framed, hung on each side of the mirror.

"Hello! guess I ought to know this," he said, looking at one of them.

Coley beamed. "You do, eh? Well, then, she's worth knowin', and there's only one of her kind."

"Don't know about that, young man," said the Colonel, looking at the other photograph; "here's one that ought to go in her class."

"Perhaps," said Coley, doubtfully; "the boss thinks so, I guess, from the way he looks at it."

"Young man, what sort of a fellow's your boss?" said the Colonel, suddenly facing Coley.

"What sort?" Coley thought a moment. "Well, 'twould need a good eddication to tell, but there's only one in his class, I tell you."

"Then he owes it to this little woman," pointing to one of the photographs, "and she," pointing to the other, "said so."

"Then you may bet it's true."

"I don't bet on a sure thing," said the Colonel, his annoyance vanishing in a slow smile, his first since reaching the province.

"Dinner'll be ready in half an hour, sir," said Coley, swearing allegiance in his heart to the man that agreed with him in regard to the photograph that stood with Coley for all that was highest in humanity.

"John," he said, sharply, to the Chinese cook, "got good dinner, eh?"

"Pitty good," said John, indifferently.

"Now, look here, John, him big man." John was not much impressed. "Awful big man, I tell you—big soldier." John preserved a stolid countenance.

"John," said the exasperated Coley, "I'll kick you across this room and back if you don't listen to me. Want big dinner, heap good, eh?"

"Huh-huh, belly good," replied John, with a slight show of interest.

"I say, John, what you got for dinner, eh?" asked Coley, changing his tactics.

"Ham, eggs, lice," answered the Mongolian, imperturbably.

"Gee whiz!" said Coley, "goin' to feed the boss's uncle on ham and eggs?"

"What?" said John, with sudden interest. "Uncle boss, eh?"

"Yes," said the unblushing Coley.

"Huh! Coley heap fool! Get chicken, quick! meat shop, small, eh?" The Chinaman was at last aroused. Pots, pans, and other utensils were in immediate requisition, a roaring fire set a-going, and in three-quarters of an hour the Colonel sat down to a dinner of soup, fish, and fowl, with various *entrées* and side dishes that would have done credit to a New York *chef*. Thus potent was the name of the boss with his cook.

John's excellent dinner did much to

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soothe and mollify his guest; but the Colonel was sensitive to impressions other than the purely gastronomic, for, throughout the course of the dinner, his eyes wandered to the photographs on the wall, and in fancy he was once more in the presence of the two women to whom he felt pledged in Ranald's behalf. "It's a one-horse-looking country, though," he said to himself, "and no place for a man with any snap. Best thing would be to pull out, I guess, and take him along." And it was in this mind that he received the Honorable Archibald Blair, M. P. P. for New Westminster, President of the British Columbia Canning Company, recently organized, and a director in half a dozen other business concerns.

"Colonel Thorp, this is Mr. Blair, of the British Columbia Canning Company," said Coley, with a curious suggestion of Ranald in his manner.

"Glad to welcome a friend of Mr. Macdonald's," said Mr. Blair, a little man of about thirty, with a shrewd eye and a kindly, frank manner.

"Well, I guess I can say the same," said Colonel Thorp, shaking hands. "I judge his friends are of the right sort."

"You'll find plenty in this country glad to class themselves in that list," laughed Mr. Blair. "I wouldn't undertake to guarantee them all, but those he lists that way, you can pretty well bank on. He's a young man for reading men."

"Yes?" said the Colonel, interrogatively; "he's very young."

"Young; for that matter, so are we all, especially on this side the water here. It's a young man's country."

"Pretty young, I judge," said the Colonel, dryly. "Lots of room to grow."

"Yes, thank Providence!" said Mr. Blair, enthusiastically; "but there's lots of life and lots to feed it. But I'm not going to talk, Colonel. It is always wasted breath on an Easterner. I'll let the country talk. You are coming with us, of course."

"Hardly think so; my time is rather limited, and—well, to tell the truth, I'm from across the line and don't cater much to your royalties."

"Royalties!" exclaimed Mr. Blair. "Oh, you mean our Governor. Well, that's good, rather; must tell the Governor that." Mr. Blair laughed long and loud. "You'll forget all that when you are out with us an hour. No, we think it well to hedge our Government with dignity, but on this trip we shall leave the gold lace and red tape behind."

"How long do you propose to be gone?"

"About four weeks. But I make you a promise. If after the first week you want to return from any point, I shall send you back with all speed. But you won't want to, I guarantee you that. Why, my dear sir, think of the route," and Mr. Blair went off into a rapturous description of the marvels of the young province, its scenery, its resources, its climate, its sport, playing upon each string as he marked the effect upon his listener. By the time Mr. Blair's visit was over, the Colonel had made up his mind that he would see something of this wonderful country.

Next day Coley took him over the company's mills, and was not a little disappointed to see that the Colonel was not impressed by their size or equipment. In Coley's eyes they were phenomenal, and he was inclined to resent the Colonel's lofty manner. The foreman, Mr. Urquhart, a shrewd Scotchman, who had seen the mills of the Ottawa River and those in Michigan as well, understood his visitor's attitude better; and, besides, it suited his Scotch nature to refuse any approach to open admiration for anything out of the old land. His ordinary commendation was, "It's no that bad;" and his superlative was expressed in the daring concession, "Aye, it'll maybe dae, it micht be waur." So he followed the Colonel about with disparaging comments that drove Coley to the verge of madness. When they came to the engine-room, which was Urquhart's pride, the climax was reached.

"It's a wee bit o' a place, an' no fit for the wark," said Urquhart, ushering the Colonel into a snug little engine-room, where every bit of brass shone with dazzling brightness and every part of the engine moved in smooth, sweet harmony.

"Slick little engine," said the Colonel, with discriminating admiration.

"It's no that bad the noo, but ye sud hae seen it afore Jem, there, took a hand o' it—a wheezin', rattlin', pechin' thing that ye micht expect tae flee in bits for the noise in the wame o't. But Jemmie sorted it till it's nae despicable for its size. But

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it's no fit for the wark. Jemmie, lad, just gie't its fill an' we'll pit the saw until a log," said Urquhart, as they went up into the sawing-room, where in a few minutes the Colonel had an exhibition of the saw sticking fast in a log for lack of power.

"Man, yon's a lad that kens his trade. He's frae Gleska. He earns his money's warth."

"How did you come to get him?" said the Colonel, moved to interest by Urquhart's unwonted praise.

"Indeed, just the way we've got all our best men. It's the boss picked him oot o' the gutter, and there he is earnin' his twa and a half a day."

"The boss did that, eh?" said the Colonel, with one of his swift glances at the speaker.

"Aye, that he did, and he's only one o' many."

"He's good at that sort of business, I guess."

"Aye, he kens men, as ye can see frae his gang."

"Doesn't seem to be able to make the company's business pay," ventured the Colonel.

"D'ye think ye cud find one that cud?" pointing to the halting saw. "An' that's the machine that turned oot thae piles yonder. Gie him a chance, though, an' when the stuff is deesposed of ye'll get y'r profit." Urquhart knew what he was about, and the Colonel went back with Coley to his rooms, convinced of two facts: that the company had a plant that might easily be improved, but a manager that, in the estimation of those who wrought with him, was easily first in his class. Ranald could have adopted no better plan for the enhancing of his reputation than by allowing Colonel Thorp to go in and out among the workmen and his friends. More and more the Colonel became impressed with his manager's genius for the picking of his men and binding them to his interests, and as this impression deepened he became the more resolved that it was a waste of good material to retain a man in a country offering such a limited scope for his abilities.

But, after four weeks spent in exploring the interior, from Quesnelle to Okanagan, and in following in and out the waterways of the coast line, the Colonel met Ranald at Yale with only a problem to be solved, and he lost no time in putting it to his manager.

"How in thunder can I get those narrow-gauge, hidebound Easterners to launch out into business in this country?"

"I can't help you there, Colonel. I've tried and failed."

"By the great Sam, so you have!" said the Colonel, with a sudden conviction of his own limitations in the past. "No use tryin' to tell 'em of this," swinging his long arm toward the great sweep of the Fraser Valley, clothed with a mighty forest. "It's only a question of holdin' on for a few years; the thing's dead sure."

"I have been through a good part of it," said Ranald, quietly, "and I am convinced that here we have the pick of Canada, and, I venture to say, of the American continent. Timber, hundreds of square miles of it, fish—I've seen that river so packed with salmon that I couldn't shove my canoe through—"

"Hold on, now," said the Colonel; "give me time."

"Simple, sober truth of my own proving," replied Ranald. "And you saw a fringe of the mines up in the Cariboo. The Kootanie is full of gold and silver, and in the Okanagan you can grow food and fruits for millions of people. I know what I am saying."

"Tell you what," said the Colonel, "you make me think you're speakin' the truth, anyhow." Then, with a sudden inspiration, he exclaimed: "By the great Sammy, I've got an idea!" and then, as he saw Ranald waiting, added, "But I guess I'll let it soak till we get down to the mill."

"Do you think you could spare me, Colonel?" asked Ranald, in a dubious voice. "I really ought to run through a bit of timber here."

"No, by the great Sam, I can't! I want you to come right along," replied the Colonel, with emphasis.

"What is he saying, Colonel?" asked Mr. Blair.

"Wants to run off and leave me to paddle my way home alone. Not much! I tell you what, we have some important business to do before I go East. You hear me?"

"And, besides, Macdonald, I want you for that big meeting of ours next week. You simply must be there."

"You flatter me, Mr. Blair."

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"Not a bit; you know there are a lot of hotheads talking separation and that sort of thing, and I want some level-headed fellow who is in with the workingmen to be there."

And, as it turned out, it was a good thing for Mr. Blair and for the cause he represented that Ranald was present at the great mass-meeting held in New Westminster the next week. For the people were exasperated beyond all endurance at the delay of the Dominion in making good the solemn promises given at the time of Confederation, and were in a mood to listen to the proposals freely made that the useless bond should be severed. "Railway or separation!" was the cry, and resolutions embodying this sentiment were actually proposed and discussed. It was Ranald's speech, every one said, that turned the tide. His calm logic made clear the folly of even considering separation; he showed knowledge of and unbounded faith in the resources of the province, and the audience was moved by his impassioned picturing of the future of the great Dominion reaching from ocean to ocean, knit together by ties of common interest and a common loyalty that would become more vividly real when the provinces had been brought more closely together by the promised railway. They might have to wait a little longer, but it was worth while waiting, and there was no future in any other policy. It was his first speech at a great meeting, and, as Mr. Blair shook him warmly by the hand, the crowd burst into enthusiastic cries: "Macdonald! Macdonald!" and, in one of the pauses a single voice was heard: "Glengarry forever!" Then again the crowd broke forth: "Glengarry! Glengarry!" for all who knew Ranald personally had heard of the gang that were once the pride of the Ottawa. At that old cry Ranald's face flushed deep red, and he had no words to answer his friends' warm congratulations.

"Send him East," cried a voice.

"Yes, yes, that's it. Send him to Ottawa to John A. It's the same clan!"

Swiftly Mr. Blair made up his mind. "Gentlemen, that is a good suggestion. I make it a motion." It was seconded in a dozen places, and carried by a standing vote. Then Ranald rose again and modestly protested that he was not the man to go. He was quite unknown in the province.

"We know you!" the same voice called out, followed by a roar of approval.

"And, besides," went on Ranald, "it is impossible for me to get away; I'm a workingman and not my own master."

Then the Colonel, who was sitting on the platform, rose and begged to be heard. "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I ain't a Canadian—"

"Never mind! You can't help that," sang out a man from the back, with a roar of laughter following.

"But if I weren't an American, I don't know anything that I'd rather be." (Great applause.) "Four weeks ago I wouldn't have taken your province as a gift. Now I only wish Uncle Sam could persuade you to sell." (Cries of "He hasn't got money enough. Don't fool yourself.") "But I want to say that this young man of mine," pointing to Ranald, "has given you good talk, and if you want him to go East, why, I'll let him off for a spell." (Loud cheers for the Colonel and for Macdonald.)

A week later a great meeting in Victoria indorsed the New Westminster resolutions, with the added demand that the railway should be continued to Esquinalt according to the original agreement. Another delegate was appointed to represent the wishes of the islanders, and, before Ranald had fully realized what had happened, he found himself a famous man, and on the way to the East with the jubilant Colonel.

"What was the great idea, Colonel, that struck you at Yale?" inquired Ranald, as they were fairly steaming out of the Esquinalt harbor.

"This is it, my boy!" exclaimed the Colonel, slapping him on the back. "This here trip East. Now we've got 'em over the ropes, by the great and everlasting Sammy!"—the form of oath indicating a climax in the Colonel's emotion.

"Got who?" inquired Ranald, mystified.

"Them gol-blamed cross-road hayseeds down East." And with this the Colonel became discreetly silent. He knew too well the sensitive pride of the man with whom he had to deal, and he was chiefly anxious now that Ranald should know as little as possible of the real object of his going to British Columbia.

"We've got to make the British-American Coal and Lumber Company know the time of day. It's gittin'-up time out

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in this country. They were talkin' a little of drawin' out." Ranald gasped. "Some of them only," the Colonel hastened to add; "but I want you to talk like you did the other night, and I'll tell my little tale, and if that don't fetch 'em then I'm a Turk."

"Well, Colonel, here's my word," said Ranald, deliberately; "if the company wish to withdraw they may do so, but my future is bound up with that of the West, and I have no fear that it will fail me. I stake my all upon the West."

[TO BE CONCLUDED]

The Civil War and the Constitution[1]

PROFESSOR BURGESS'S two small volumes upon "The Civil War and the Constitution" are far removed from a scholastic constitutional history of the period covered. On the contrary, the constitutional changes which took place, though depicted with a clearness of outline not heretofore achieved, are made to serve merely as the background for the dramatic political and military events which not only possessed men's minds at the time, but permanently reshaped the framework of our Government. The very first chapter illustrates the character of the work. Instead of dealing with the cold abstractions for which the three warring political parties stood in 1860, the chapter is mainly a personal portraiture of Davis, Lincoln, and Douglas. The personalities of these men stand out in sharp contrast, and each is felt to be the appropriate leader for his party—Davis, an aristocrat by birth, training, and temper; Douglas, of the upper classes by birth, but a Western democrat in feeling; and Lincoln, democrat by every force that entered into his being. The commonness of Lincoln's ancestry and early environment are brought out by Professor Burgess with almost brutal sharpness. His father is described as a "dull, ignorant, lazy, shiftless poor white," his mother as "the daughter of one Lucy Hanks, whose family belonged likewise to the class of 'poor white trash,'" and his early surroundings as "of the most humble, demoralizing, and common character." Yet the effect of Professor Burgess's characterization of the family is chiefly a reverence for the possibilities of the common manhood of our country—which Lincoln was destined to represent and exalt more than any other man in our history.

In the chapter that succeeds this the warmth of Professor Burgess's narrative gives place to positive heat when he comes to discuss the career of John Brown. For the Anarchist of the anti-slavery cause he expresses a hatred equal to that felt anywhere at the South—a hatred not confined to the lawless methods employed, but extending to the character of the man, and hardly mollified by the righteousness of the wrath which impelled Brown to the mad exploit at Harper's Ferry. Brown, writes Professor Burgess, "was a notorious dead beat himself, had never succeeded in any legitimate business, had never earned any money, had had two wives and some twenty children, and had left them to shift for themselves while he was careering round reforming things." His deed, the judgment continues, "was crime, and nothing but crime, common crime and public crime. . . . Unless we are fatalists or Jesuits in philosophy, we are bound to condemn this crime to the end of time, and execrate the committers of it, even though we should ascribe to it the emancipation of the bondmen. It is an affront to Divinity itself to assert that the world's civilization cannot be realized except through violence and destruction, blood, crime, and sin. . . . It is the passionate haste of sinful man which dares to hurry the plans of Providence by the employment of means which rob the plans of their glory and their divinity." If the severity of these judgments prompt the reader to condemn the historian, he should read Professor Burgess's account of the instantaneous and enduring effect of Brown's exploit in closing up the ranks of the Southern people and making the non-slave-owners stand shoulder to shoulder

[1] *The Civil War and the Constitution, 1859-1865.* By John W. Burgess, Ph.D., LL.D. (The American History Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 2 vols.

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with the slave-owners, from whom they were hitherto becoming more and more estranged.

Naturally, of course, the portions of Professor Burgess's work which will command the greatest attention from advanced students are those covering his particular field of constitutional law. It is here that he speaks with the greatest authority, and the extreme lucidity of his style and the compactness of his statements make his survey of constitutional changes of peculiar value. Here, however, he is as a historian most at fault, for he instinctively assumes that contests were waged over constitutional theories which had no deep hold upon the masses of men or even of statesmen. Professor Burgess, a teacher of constitutional law, is a passionate opponent of the doctrine of State sovereignty. This hated doctrine, therefore, he links with slavery, as if it were almost co-equal as a cause of the estrangement between North and South. "The United States," he says, "were lagging in the march of modern civilization; slavery and 'State sovereignty' were the fetters which held them back." We are not disposed to minimize the importance of the extreme States' rights theory as the philosophical ground upon which the slaveocracy finally planted itself, but this theory had been to all intents and purposes as popular in the agricultural West which gave all its strength to the Union as in the agricultural South which gave all its strength to disunion. A decade before it had been doubtful whether the party of States' rights in the West would not prove a better supporter of the anti-slavery cause than the party of centralization, and the Free Soil party stood incomparably nearer to the Democracy than to the Whigs. So long as slavery could use the National Government to do its bidding, the anti-slavery people went to the verge of nullification in their assertion of the right of the State to hamper the operation of National law, and only when the anti-slavery party threatened to use the National Government to subserve its ends were the positions reversed. The theories which either party held respecting States' rights changed the moment party interests changed, and have done so ever since. These things so obvious to the ordinary student of history are almost lost sight of by Professor Burgess, who seems to have the sections at war over theories which each wore as a loose garment. So extreme, indeed, is Professor Burgess's hatred of the States' rights tendency that he sharply criticises Lincoln's first inaugural address because the President disclaimed explicitly any desire to send troops into a State to prevent the fullest exercise of self-government, and declared that he would use the military arm of the Nation only to protect National property and collect National taxes. "Beyond what may be necessary for these objects," said Mr. Lincoln, "there will be no invasion, no using of force among the people anywhere." These expressions seem to Professor Burgess to involve most injurious concessions to the principles of the secessionists; but students of public opinion at the time of this address and until after the firing upon Fort Sumter realize that the temperateness of the President's assertion of National authority made the men at the North stand together when the secessionists finally made war upon the Nation's unquestionable rights.

Inductive Sociology[1]

PROFESSOR F. H. Giddings's "Inductive Sociology" is a further development of the author's pamphlet entitled "The Theory of Socialization," and is, if we remember rightly, even more difficult reading than that syllabus. The author sensibly defines the aim of sociology to be "a complete explanation of society in terms of simpler phenomena," but the aim here achieved is for the most part in the complete enshrouding of society in terms of more complex noumena. In criticising the book we instinctively fall into its vocabulary. Nothing is here called by its English name, if Greek can be found. Even the English is Latin English instead of Saxon English. On the first page we find that thirty per cent. of the words are of Latin origin, as against

[1] *Inductive Sociology: A Syllabus of Methods, Analyses and Classifications, and Provisionally Formulated Laws.* By Franklin H. Giddings. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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just four per cent. in the first column of the Bible to which we chance to open. A little later we have a chapter devoted to "genetic aggregation"—the growth of a community from within—and its successor entitled "Demotic Composition"—the word "demotic" being used, for some unknown reason, to denote the mingling of unlike elements. This tendency persists throughout the volume, reaching its climax perhaps in the author's first appendix, when he quotes from himself an earlier statistical classification of people of the United States into the ideo-motor; ideo-motor to ideo-emotional; ideo-emotional; ideo-emotional to dogmatic-emotional; dogmatic-emotional; dogmatic-emotional to critical-intellectual; and critical-intellectual. Professor Giddings is a man whose training fitted him for a strong grasp of common things, and of the common words which go home to all people; but he has flung away his literary birthright, and toilsomely acquired the language of schoolmen who take away from others the key of knowledge even when they do not entirely lose the power themselves to enter in. Professor Giddings's natural brilliancy of mind frequently illumines his befogging vocabulary, and sometimes he brushes it aside and expresses himself with a freshness and vigor that leaves little to be desired. But he who might have given us an enlivening book has given us a deadening one.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Aunt Nabby's Children. By Frances Hodges White. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. 130 pages. 50c.

Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. (The Pocket American and English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¼×5¾ in. 249 pages. 25c.

A very convenient pocket edition of this admirable work, with notes and an introduction.

Affirmative Intellect (The). By Charles Ferguson. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 204 pages. 90c.

Those who read and relished, as did many, Mr. Ferguson's last year's book, "The Religion of Democracy," will have a good appetite for this. To those who did not read it we may say that Mr. Ferguson is incisive, epigrammatic, and quotable; he sees visions and dogmatizes on them in Carlylean and Emersonian style, as a prophet of the Christian democracy that is to be. He is sometimes more sharp than true. Knowing something of universities by experience, we know that they, at least those that we know, are not "mortgaged to the past and reaching aimlessly toward the future." However, Mr. Ferguson rightly finds the university, provided it be true to its ideal, holding "the key to the situation" for the solution of the social problem. In conclusion he affirms that the Protestant Episcopal Church, "the historic church of our race," opens the line of least resistance toward the "democratic catholicism" he foresees. "It cannot go on for twenty years more along the lines on which it is now moving without emerging into a new era as the open champion of intellectual liberty, committed to the organization of American society on the basis of undogmatic faith." However doubting, one will grant that stranger things have happened.

Beasts of the Field. Fowls of the Air. By William J. Long. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. In 2 vols. 5½×8 in. Per set, $3.50.

Mr. Long knows how the squirrel, the rabbit, the fox, and even the bear live, and he knows also how to make alluring stories for children out of this knowledge. So, too, he lays under contribution for young folks' amusement the partridge, the duck, the oriole, the crow, and even the eagle. We have praised some of these sketches before; we are glad to see them here all gathered in two pretty volumes with many pictures.

Beautiful Women in Art. By Armand Dayot. Translated from the French by H. Twitchell. In 2 vols. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. $4.

We shall say something about this book in our review of the illustrated books of the season.

By Bread Alone. By I. K. Friedman. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 481 pages. $1.50.

This is a story dealing with labor troubles and the efforts of one man to remedy them. A young college man feels the injustice of society towards the toilers, and with the enthusiasm of the idealist constitutes himself a sort of moral free lance in their defense. He seeks to conciliate capital and labor, guide the elements of unrest. He promises things that he cannot bring to pass, and in his efforts learns that he can neither fill the hungry nor overcome class hatred. His unselfish efforts end in confusion and destruction. The purpose of the book tends to portray conditions and paint dramatic contrasts, rather than to discover any antidote to the evil.

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Case for the Factory Acts (The). Edited by Mrs. Sidney Webb. Preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 233 pages. $1.

A book by women for women and about women and children. Mrs. Webb's philosophy respecting the evils of competition does not always win assent, but her statements of fact—and those also of her associates, Miss Hutchins, Mrs. Tuckwell, Mrs. W. Pember Reeves, and Miss Black—are always authoritative. Mrs. Reeves, it need hardly be said, writes of factory legislation in the Australasian colonies. Mrs. Ward's introduction to the volume should be read by vast numbers of women who would not be likely to read the more scholarly papers which follow it. She speaks with sincere modesty of her own qualifications for writing a preface for such a book, but her literary power makes her review of what has been gained by English women and children from factory legislation singularly effective. These gains come before the reader as the gains of living people and not of lifeless figures in statistical tables. The picture is one full of encouragement for further progress, but not one likely to promote the conscienceless optimism which trusts to evolution instead of effort for further advance. The terrible conditions in English factories before the factory agitation began seem to have been far worse than those upon the farms a century before, and their vivid portrayal brings out as clearly the possibilities of deterioration as the possibilities of reform.

Cathedral and Other Poems (The). By Martha Gilbert Dickinson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 149 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Cherry: The Cumberer that Bore Fruit. By Amy Le Feuvre. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 233 pages. $1.

The story of a little girl who, through a newly awakened sense of responsibility, sets out to take charge of several members of her family, her father included. The story is interestingly told, and has the ethical motive inseparable from this writer's work.

Chinese Boy and Girl (The). By Isaac Taylor Headland. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 6½×9 in. 176 pages. $1, net.

Even more interesting and quaint than Dr. Headland's "Chinese Mother Goose" rhymes of last year. The almond-eyed boys and girls have a great variety of games, many resembling those of Western lands, others different but queer and funny, and some of these latter our boys and girls may like to learn. The pictures and page-decoration are of the same jolly and curious kind found in the "Mother Goose" book. The two books together really contain the results of a thorough study of Chinese child-life, and are at the same time immensely entertaining.

Civics for New York State. By Charles De Forest Hoxie. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 368 pages. $1.

A book well planned to meet the needs of students of civil government in New York State, and especially to fit them for the Regents' examinations upon this subject. Its maps of political districts, its tables of the terms and salaries of office-holders, and its summaries of Constitutional provisions make it valuable as a book of reference.

Classification: Theoretical and Practical. By Ernest Cushing Richardson. The New York State Library School Association Alumni Lectures, 1900-01. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¾×7½ in. 248 pages.

College Text-Book of Chemistry (A). By Ira Remsen. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 689 pages. $2.

Culture and Restraint. By Hugh Black. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 350 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Deborah: A Tale of the Times of Judas Maccabæus. By James M. Ludlow. Illustrated. Second Edition. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 406 pages.

Nothing in the class of fiction to which "Deborah" belongs (the class of which "Ben-Hur" and Dr. Ludlow's "Captain of the Janizaries" are familiar examples) exceeds the early chapters of this story in vividness and rapidity of action. The devoted Jewish maiden, Deborah, is herself a striking and noble figure, and the adventures she undergoes in aiding the cause of Judas Maccabæus, the "hammer of God," are many and thrilling. Despite some falling off of interest in the final chapters, the book as a whole has vigor and color and brings plainly before the reader a most critical period in the history of Jerusalem. The illustration is, we think, by photographs of posed models, and at least one of the pictures is a real triumph of photographic art.

Divine and Moral Songs for Children. By the Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D. Illustrated. 4½×6 in. 62 pages. $1.

Dr. Watts's songs have never found so picturesque and juvenile a setting as in this little volume, which is daintiness itself in point of print and of color illustration.

Doctrine and Deed: Expounded and Illustrated in Seventeen Sermons. By Charles Edward Jefferson. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 376 pages. $1.50.

The best traditions of the Congregational pulpit as a representative of culture, breadth, and spiritual power are well sustained by these discourses. Whether on theological or sociological themes—the two main departments of Christian interest—Dr. Jefferson commands attention as a man who understands his subject, and the special need of rational thought and moral earnestness in relation to it. As a specimen of a "doctrinal" sermon his discourse on "Graded Penalties" as contrasted with the traditional doctrine of "hell," and as a specimen of "practical" preaching that on "Christianity and Wealth," are models of sound thinking and straight speaking to the point. Dr. Jefferson holds the golden middle between those preachers who lose momentum in their care for poise, and those who lose poise in their effort for momentum. Justly, as we think, he holds the pulpit in part to blame for the wide neglect shown to civic duties, and reckons the American pulpit "half a century behind the English Nonconformist pulpit in its influence on municipal reform and National affairs." His

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trenchant sermon on the "Bramble King" (the boss) finely exemplifies that unity of the secular and the sacred which is the distinctive mark of Christianity. Dr. Jefferson's good literary style needs a little correction by the elimination of a few street words. His sermons should be studied by all young preachers who desire to improve their own.

Double Prince (The). By Frank M. Bicknell. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 79 pages. 50c.

Educative Hand Work Manuals. Part II. Suggestive Course in Paper and Cardboard Construction for Third and Fourth Grades. By Arthur Henry Chamberlain. Assisted by Ida Mellish and Ella V. Dobbs. Illustrated. The Whitaker & Rey Co., San Francisco. 6×8 in. 112 pages. 75c.

Elementary Zoology. By Vernon L. Kellogg, M.S. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 492 pages. $1.25, net.

Fall of the Curtain (The). By Harold Begbie. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5×7½ in. 410 pages.

The machinations of a poor but worldly-minded governess in an English household, who bends all her resources of soul, mind, and body to one end, namely, a successful marriage, furnish the pith and motive of this story. She succeeds in separating an aged and miserable husband from a vain and weak-minded wife, marries the man—a disgustingly illiterate member of the British nobility, who might have been inspired by Thackeray's Sir Pitt Crawley—is spared by a timely interposition from poisoning his heir, and finally repents. Fairly well written, it depicts only the unusual things in human nature, which only the hand of a great master can make tolerable to the average clean-minded reader.

Fame and Fiction: An Enquiry into Certain Peculiarities. By E. A. Bennett. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 268 pages. $2, net.

Discriminating but slight criticisms on the literary methods of Mr. Barrie, Miss Braddon, Charlotte M. Yonge, George Gissing, George Moore, Miss Corelli, James Lane Allen, and other popular English and American writers. The aim is to show what the elements of popularity—good or bad—are in each case. The articles were originally printed in the London "Academy."

French Art: Classic and Contemporary Painting and Sculpture. By W. C. Brownell. (New and Enlarged Edition.) Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 7¼×10 in. 228 pages. $3.75, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Fireside Sphinx (The). By Agnes Repplier. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 305 pages. $2, net.

In this volume Miss Repplier has given an account of what may be called human relations with the cat from the earliest to the present times. She describes the attitude of the Classic Ages towards the cat; the spirit of the early and later Middle Ages in dealing with the cat, and the cat in modern literature, in art, and in the home. She has put into the volume a great deal of information, and the fruitage of not a little broad, juicy reading; for Miss Repplier has a genius for getting at the heart of the books she reads. She is a born reader as well as an extremely entertaining writer.

Gathering of Brother Hilarius (The). By Michael Fairless. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 171 pages. $1.25.

A convent neophyte is sent out into the world to learn what life, suffering, and love mean. He goes through the Great Plague in London, sees the Court, wanders and all but perishes in desolate places, is tempted and all but falls, and finally returns to the convent pure in heart but knowing good and evil. This little tale is told with a charm and literary delicacy that give it distinction.

Glass & Gold. By James O. G. Duffy. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 374 pages. $1.50.

Gloria Deo: An Undenominational Hymnal for all Services of the Church. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 6¼×8½ in. $1.25.

There are some substantial merits in this new collection. It meets the needs of the Sunday-school and of young people's meetings, as well as those of the congregation. There is no separation of hymns from the music, but every line is set under the notes it is to be sung to. On the other hand, while it is undenominational, it can hardly be called in its theological aspect unobjectionable. The

> "When God, the mighty Maker, died
> For man the creature's sin,"

couplet may be cited as one among many instances of its adherence to ideas that no longer command general acceptance even in evangelical churches. The leading aim is to promote good congregational singing. The familiar tunes of the old masters are numerous, as well as many of the later.

Golliwogg's "Auto-Go-Cart" (The). Verses by Bertha Upton. Pictures by Florence K. Upton. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 11×8 in. 66 pages. $1.50, net.

The Golliwogg book this year, like its predecessors, is very sharply adapted to current interest, and presents the adventures of the well-known family in an automobile. The Golliwogg himself has lost none of his unearthly attractiveness.

Hermit of Carmel and Other Poems (A). By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 234 pages. $1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

House Divided (The). By H. B. Marriott Watson. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 312 pages. $1.50.

This is a romance of stirring incident, intrigue, and adventure, the scenes of which are laid in the time of King George II. The incidents shift from New to Old England, the hero being a youth who goes from America to claim land and title to which he believes himself heir. The story is replete with struggle and adventure, love worthy and unworthy, dueling, and all manner of adventure peculiar to the time. It is written with force and spirit, and will interest those who love stories of adventure.

In Spite of All. By Edna Lyall. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 532 pages. $1.50.

In this romance "Edna Lyall" (whose real name, by the way, is Ada Ellen Bayley) covers much the same ground as that traversed by

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Mrs. Amelia E. Barr in her "Lion's Whelp." The plot is also similar in construction, in that it follows the fortunes of two families ranged on opposing sides in the civil struggle. The treatment, however, is different. The present work is not mapped out as broadly as that of Mrs. Barr. The author makes no attempt to present Cromwell to the reader, nor even to introduce any member of his family on the scene. The strength of her story centers mainly in the love existing between Gabriel Herford, a Puritan youth, and Hilary Unett, granddaughter of a bishop, and intensely Royalist in feeling. These two are playmates and lovers from childhood, and become totally estranged by the strife and hatred of the times, until events bring them together after the Royalist cause has fallen. Incidentally many notable personages appear, and reveal more or less their characteristics to the reader. A brief glimpse of King Charles himself makes us wish that we had been permitted to see more of his kingly pride, impatience, lack of feeling for those who sacrificed themselves to his cause, and blindness to the real temper of his subjects. Very good is the all too brief glimpse of dashing Prince Rupert. Of the King's noble but unappreciated adviser, Falkland, we see somewhat more, and the broad fairness of mind which caused him to appear vacillating to bigots on both sides is very well handled by the author—so well, indeed, that the somber sense of doom which made Falkland glad to meet death as a release from his position is communicated to the reader. As a whole, the work is clever, without being sufficiently clean cut for full dramatic effect.

In the Fairyland of America. By Herbert Quick. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 6½×8 in. 190 pages.

Into the Light. By Edward Robeson Taylor. D. P. Elder & Morgan Shepard, San Francisco. 6×8¼ in. 36 pages. 75c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

In the Shadow of the Black Pine. By A. G. Plympton. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 4¾×7½ in. 369 pages. $1.50.

Iturbide: A Soldier of Mexico. By John Lewin McLeish, A.M., M.D. Illustrated. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 166 pages. $1.

Landseer: A Collection of Fifteen Pictures and a Portrait of the Painter with Introduction and Interpretation. By Estelle M. Hurll. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. (Riverside Art Series.) 5×8¼ in. 93 pages. 75c., net.

The title tells the story. Miss Hurll's comment is competent. Children love these pictures.

Laurel Song Book (The): For Advanced Classes in Schools, Academies, Choral Societies, etc. Edited by W. L. Tomlins. C. C. Birchard & Co., Boston. 7½×11 in. 324 pages.

Le Petit Chose. By Alphonse Daudet. Edited by O. B. Super. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4×6½ in. 136 pages.

Lichtenstein. By Wilhelm Hauff. Edited by Frank Vogel. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7 in. 274 pages. 75c.

Lincoln's First Love. By Carrie Douglas Wright. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 4¼×6¾ in. 52 pages. $1.

Little Cave-Dwellers (The). By Ella Farman Pratt. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 96 pages. 35c.

Little Girl in Old New Orleans (A). By Amanda M. Douglas. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 5×7½ in. 325 pages. $1.20.

Here is a girl's story crowded with interesting matter, historic changes and historic growths well worth knowing all about. The story need not make its appeal wholly to girls, for it is fitted to interest readers of any growth. Beginning with a little girl's formal marriage, and following the changes in her career until real marriage, the reader is carried through all the changes that befell New Orleans during its transition from the old régime to the new. There hangs over the story the *aura* of old family history and that subtle charm which seems to cling to every portion of our land first settled by peoples from the Latin countries.

Little Loving Life (A). By Eleanor Le Sueur MacNaughton. The American Tract Society, New York. 5×7½ in. 44 pages. 25c.

Little Men: Life at Plumfield with Jo's Boys. By Louisa M. Alcott. Illustrations. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 381 pages. $2.

A new and eminently satisfactory edition of Miss Alcott's story, the only sound criticism on which is that it is not *quite* as good as "Little Women." Mr. Reginald B. Birch furnishes fifteen full-page illustrations.

Little Sky High Below Stairs. By Hezekiah Butterworth. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 86 pages. 35c.

Lover Fugitives (The). By John Finnemore. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 350 pages. $1.50.

Manual of the Flora of the Northern States and Canada. By Nathaniel Lord Britton, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 1,080 pages. $2.25, net.

Man with the Rake (The). By Marion Beveridge Lee. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 281 pages. $1.25.

Marcia and the Major. By J. L. Harbour. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 83 pages. 35c.

Mark Hanna: A Sketch from Life, and Other Essays. By Solon Lauer. The Nike Publishing House, Cleveland, Ohio. 5¼×8 in. 178 pages. $1.50.

Marriage of Mr. Merivale (The). By Cecil Headlam. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 378 pages. $1.25.

Maude Adams. By Acton Davies. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 110 pages. $1.10.

This gives the story of the clever and talented young actress from her baby days to the present, with photographs of her at different stages of her career. Every one interested in Miss Adams may here learn of the most minute circumstances connected with her first appearance as a child, the effect produced among her stage associates and others, and the seriousness with which she has looked upon her calling from the first.

Men of Might in India Missions: Their Leaders and Their Epochs, 1706-1899. By Helen H. Holcomb. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 352 pages. $1.25, net.

Of the thirteen commemorated in these biographical sketches four were our countrymen—Gordon Hall, Isidor Loewenthal, Sam-

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uel H. Kellogg, and John Scudder, the first medical missionary. The story of each of these Christian leaders is simply told, and speaks for itself to all who can appreciate heroism and human worth. It should be added that this list of "men of might" could be considerably extended.

New Education Readers: Book IV. Reading for the Third Year. By A. J. Demarest and William M. Van Sickle. Ginn & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 176 pages. 45c.

New Method in Health Culture (The): A Guide to Home Treatment of the Sick. By W. E. Forest, B.S., M.D. Illustrated. The Health-Culture Co., New York. 5×6½ in. 329 pages. $1.

New Wine Skins: Present-Day Problems. Lectures Delivered before the Maine Ministers' Institute at Cobb Divinity School, Lewiston, Me., September 3-8, 1900. The Morning Star Publishing House, Boston. 5×7¾ in. 302 pages. $1.50.

One Hundred and One Sandwiches. Compiled by May E. Southworth. D. P. Elder & Morgan Shepard, San Francisco. 4×8½ in. 85 pages. 50c., net.

The exact scope of this useful little book is described by its title.

Only Dollie: A Story for Girls. By Nina Rhoades. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7¾ in. 213 pages. $1.

Dollie will prove herself a little girl worth making acquaintance with. She is of an adventurous turn of mind, in her way, and makes friends throughout the story. Under a cloud at the start, her fortunes gradually brighten, and leave her well placed at the close. From first to last she wins the reader's sympathy.

Opportunity Circle (The). By Faye Huntington. The American Tract Society, New York. 5×7¾ in. 80 pages. 50c.

Other Famous Homes of Great Britain and Their Stories. Edited by A. H. Malan. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 7½×11½ in. 352 pages. $6.50, net.

We shall say something about this book in our review of the illustrated books of the season.

Peep at the Imperial Diadem (A). By Harry S. Foster. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Lim., London, England. 5¼×8½ in. 87 pages. Price 1 shilling.

Plant and Floral Studies for Designers, Art Students, and Craftsmen. By W. G. Paulson Townsend. Illustrated. John Lane, New York. 7×10 in. 154 pages.

Art workers and craftsmen will welcome this volume. It is a designer's sketch-book of plant form only. The book is also of use to the mere lover of flowers, whether he be an art student or not.

Princess of the Purple Palace (The). By William Murray Graydon. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 288 pages. $1.10.

Another story written primarily for boys and girls, but which will be found of interest to older readers. The scenes are in the city of Pekin during the Boxer uprising of the summer of 1900. An American boy is the hero, and his endeavor to escape the fierce Chinese hordes and find safety within the Legation will of itself furnish excitement galore to the boy imagination. This, however, is but a moiety in a series of events of the most exciting character. It is a remarkably clever story.

Principles of Physics. By Frank M. Gilley. Allyn & Bacon, Boston. 5¼×7¾ in. 552 pages. $1.30.

This is a highly practical and comprehensive work, conducting a beginner through the whole field of high-school work in its subject. Nearly one-half of it is devoted to Light and Electricity, the latter the most amply treated of any topic presented. It is a book of problems as well as of principles, that the solving of the former may insure the mastery of the latter. A long list of exercises corresponds to those required for entrance to Harvard, and is supplemented by others.

Prophet of Berkeley Square (The). By Robert Hichens. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 333 pages. $1.50.

This is an interesting story told in a whimsically amusing vein. The prophet, Mr. Hennessey Vivian, a man of means and leisure, is led into a study of the stars and heavenly bodies through his admiration for a modern astronomer. His studies prompt him to the utterance of two prophecies, both of which are fulfilled. This brings upon him an unlooked-for and undesired weight of responsibility, which leads him into all sorts of social complications and difficulties. His efforts to abandon his studies and free himself from undesired fame make up a good deal of the absurd drollery in which the story delights. The fashionable fads and pseudo-philosophies of the day come in for some laughable hits.

Randy's Winter. By Amy Brooks. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 4½×7½ in. 228 pages. $1.

Ribbon of Iron (A). By Annette M. B. Meakin. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 320 pages. $2, net.

Sir Frank Swettenham's "Malay Sketches" comes to mind as one takes up this book, similarly bound, equally light to the hand, and with paper and print as grateful to weak eyes. "A Ribbon of Iron" is a volume, like Sir Frank's, of peculiar merit; it deserves such model treatment from its publishers. In "Malay Sketches" we had the first accurately vivid account of life in Singapore and in the interesting peninsula about it. Although some descriptions of the Trans-Siberian Railway have already appeared, in books like Dr. Clark's recent volume of travel, but as a part only of those books, this is the first which adequately describes the entire journey from St. Petersburg on the Atlantic side to Vladivostok on the Pacific. Miss Meakin is exactly the guide one would wish in taking such a journey. She does not weary the intending traveler—on paper or otherwise—with burdensome statistics as to road-construction, mileage, and rolling-stock; instead, she lays vigorous hold of the circumstances of travel which make the greatest popular impression. She tells us, for instance, that it is sometimes easier to travel in Russia than in America, where we are supposed to have the greatest possible luxury; that she went to bed in her own room (with all the privacy and comforts of a room in a hotel) on the Trans-Siberian train at Moscow, and stayed there for several days, taking a much-needed rest; meanwhile the train had speeded several thousand miles. Prince Khilkov,

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Minister of Railways, has thus improved upon the lessons which he learned at Jersey City as a boy, when working in the Erie and Pennsylvania stations there. The most instructive part of this notably instructive volume, however, is in regard to Siberia. Omsk, Tomsk, Irkutsk, are mere names to most of us, yet these are already great cities. If we see the Amur River mentioned in the newspapers, we think of no special volume of water, but on this river great steamers ply. In short, Miss Meakin has produced a book needed by the student and the general reader alike.

Rise of the Dutch Republic (The). By John Lothrop Motley. (New Holiday Library Edition.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. In 2 vols. Per set, $4.

One of the greatest of American-written classics in two ornately bound volumes (possibly a trifle over-ornate for the subject). The price is so moderate that perhaps one ought not to carp at the thinness of the paper. The illustrations are many and good.

St. Nazarius. By A. C. Farquharson. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 308 pages. $1.50.

This book deserves more than passing attention because in all the crowd of hurried and unco-ordinated romances now rushing from a hundred presses it stands out as a finely conceived, choicely expressed, true piece of literature. It has not the patently entertaining and dramatic qualities which often throw the work of a new writer into instant vogue, but it will meet the appreciation of those who value pure style and elevated thought. In its ultimate analysis the book is an imaginative study of friendship, of love, and of the sacrifice of the latter to the former. Without the least relapse into religiosity or propagandism, the essential motive of the author is that of religious idealism.

Salammbo. By Gustave Flaubert. Translated by J. W. Matthews. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 420 pages. $1.50.

A new translation of Flaubert's well-known story of Carthage, with its brilliant coloring, its mastery of detail, and its magnificently painted historical background, is presented in this edition in a single well-made volume, printed from a clear type on a good page, with a frontispiece portrait of the novelist and an introduction by Arthur Symonds.

Shakespeare's Heroines. By Mrs. Jameson. Illustrated. (Miranda's Library.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×7½ in. 379 pages. $2.50.

We shall say something about this book in our review of the illustrated books of the season.

Stories of Bird Life. By T. Gilbert Pearson. Illustrated. B. F. Johnson Publishing Co., Richmond, Va. 5½×7½ in. 236 pages. 60c.

Sherburne Inheritance (A). By Amanda M. Douglas. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 383 pages. 90c.

The latest book in the Sherburne series, covering four years in the married life of Lyndell Sherburne (Mrs. Carew) and following the lives of several unmarried members of that family. The story is full of incident and interest. The tastes of several young people are disclosed and their careers followed, and the reader is led up to incidents of the Spanish-American war.

Shipmates. By Morgan Robertson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 347 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Robertson knows much more about ships than he does about people. The nautical part of these stories is capital, the society and love part silly.

Shoes of Fortune (The). By Neil Munro. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 344 pages. $1.50.

The thousand and first romance in which Charles Edward the Pretender appears, and a romance not so overweighted by this fact as to prevent its being a capital tale with movement, character, and humor. Mr. Munro has somewhat of the Stevenson in him, but he writes and plots with singular unevenness. Why, for instance, did he try to infuse into a historical tale like this the half-magical machinery of a pair of shoes which took the narrator where they would—mingling incongruously the seeming real and the fantastical?

Soul of a Cat (The), and Other Stories. By Margaret Benson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¼ in. 163 pages. $1.25.

Studies of the Soul. By J. Brierley, B.A. (Third Edition.) Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7¾ in. 303 pages.

Tales from Shakespeare. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Color Plates and Half-tone Illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×8½ in. 319 pages. $2.50.

We shall say something about this book in our review of the illustrated books of the season.

Tales from the Travels of Baron Munchausen. Edited by Edward E. Hale. Illustrated. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. (The Home Library.) 5×8 in. 78 pages.

Tales from Tolstoi. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 286 pages. $1.50.

"Master and Man," "Where Love is, there God is Also," and the other parables here included have in them the soul of Tolstoi's love of God through love of man. They were written for peasants' reading, and they are masterpieces of simplicity. They cannot be printed too often, and here they have been given pleasing form. A biographical sketch precedes the stories.

Talks with Great Workers. Edited by Orison Swett Marden. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 335 pages. $1.50.

Temple of the Rosy Cross (The): The Soul, Its Powers, Migrations, and Transmigrations. By F. B. Dowd. The Eulian Publishing Co., Salem, Mass. 5¼×8 in. 323 pages.

The author "reveals methods for the attainment of spiritual gifts," as follows: "To become spiritual, . . . magnetize yourself one hour every evening by taking hold of the left thumb with the right thumb and forefinger, and, pressing gently enough to keep the attention fixed upon it and think of one thing, say some word—your own name, if nothing else—saying it over and over to yourself constantly. In a short time . . . the soul will begin its work." The absorption of three editions evinces a demand for such methods, which is a sign of the times.

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That Wager of Dot's. By Penelope Dalrymple. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 361 pages. $1.50.

Tin Owl Stories (The). By William Rose. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 261 pages. $1.

The large batch of stories told in this volume by the Tin Owl are about as probable—though far less gruesome—than the refrain of Poe's Raven. They are queer, imaginative, entertaining, their absurdity making them the more amusing.

Two Treaties of Paris and the Supreme Court. By Sidney Webster. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7¾ in. 133 pages. $1.25, net.

An important criticism of the Supreme Court's decision that the authority of our Federal Government in Porto Rico and the Philippines is not subject to the constitutional limitations imposed upon it within the States. In his conclusions if not in his temper the author is strongly anti-imperialistic. He begins by contrasting the first Treaty of Paris, giving the people of Louisiana "immediate admission to all the rights of citizens," with the second Treaty of Paris, which merely promised the people of the Spanish East and West Indies the preservation of their religious and property rights; and he goes on with a similar contrast between the emergency statute of 1803, which "confined Jefferson to the execution of existing and known ordinances and decrees," with the emergency statute of 1901, giving the Administration unrestricted power to legislate for the Philippines. These contrasts are followed by a severe criticism of the majority opinion of the Supreme Court in the Porto Rico cases. The author urges that these opinions did not merely reverse the early decision of the Supreme Court in Loughberry vs. Blake cited by Judge Fuller, but also its decision in Cross vs. Harrison at the close of the Mexican War. The Court in that case, he says, unanimously adjudged that "after the ratification of the treaty [with Mexico] California became *a part* of the United States without further action on the part of Congress." The volume is of interest not only to lawyers but to all careful students of our constitutional history.

Uncle Phil. By Mrs. John M. Clay. (Second and Revised Edition.) The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 271 pages. $1.

Under Reckless Rule. By J. A. Bolles. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 85 pages. 75c.

Uno Who. By Elizabeth Stoughton Gale-White. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 245 pages. $1.

Up and Down the Sands of Gold. By Mary Devereux. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 425 pages.

In effect, this story is a study of seacoast life and seacoast characteristics in a New England community. There is a love story, of course, and also, of course, it does not turn out exactly as most of the onlookers would have it turn. But even the love-story interest is often secondary to that of the reader's interest in the strong and entertaining personages who make up its background. The book is charmingly written, the style pure and strong, and the play of native wit engaging. It possesses much the same characteristics which made this author's "From Kingdom to Colony" so popular. The story is of the present time.

Urchins at the Pole. By Marie Overton Corbin and Charles Buxton Going. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 10×8¾ in. 71 pages.

Wagner Opera Stories. By Grace E. Barber. Public School Publishing Co., Bloomington, Ill. 5½×7½ in. 191 pages. 60 cts.

This book retells in familiar language for young children, and especially for use in the kindergarten, the stories which Wagner has used in the tetralogy; stories which, as all readers of The Outlook know, are in the highest degree interpretative of Northern ideas of life, and representative of the mythology of the Northern races. At first thought the operas would not seem to lend themselves to use with young children; but the stories upon which they are based are among the most striking myths in the world, and are therefore rich material for educational purposes. Miss Barber has done her work very sympathetically and intelligently, setting the stories before the imagination of children in such a way as to interest and impress them, to catch their attention, and at the same time to convey the significant incidents of the myths. The principal motifs are introduced in the briefest fashion; and the little book which recounts the story of the loss of the Rhinegold and the tragedy which followed it, and also the story of Parsifal, ought to prove stimulating and valuable in the school-room.

Wife or Maid? By Douglas Flattery. (Third Edition.) The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 216 pages. $1.

World and Winstow (The). By Edith Henrietta Fowler. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 459 pages. $1.50.

This tale has Winstow, an old English Channel town, as its scene, and describes the growth of two children, a boy and girl, and the development of their characters through suffering. Similar material to this was at George Eliot's hand, and out of it she made "The Mill on the Floss." While Edith Henrietta Fowler is not George Eliot, she might have imitated her somewhat in a better disposal of the material ready to her use. Instead, she has turned out a Sunday-school book, better, it is true, than the average Sunday-school tale, but still one having an oppressive and rather minatory tone in every chapter. She ought to read the first line of Dr. van Dyke's preface to his latest book: "Lord, let me never tag a moral to a story." In the not infrequent excellent situations of the present tale the moral speaks for itself; the author's spun-out deductions are irritatingly superfluous.

Young Inventor's Pluck (A). By Arthur M. Winfield. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 235 pages. $1.

Youth: Stories from McClure's. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 4¼×6¼ in. 164 pages.

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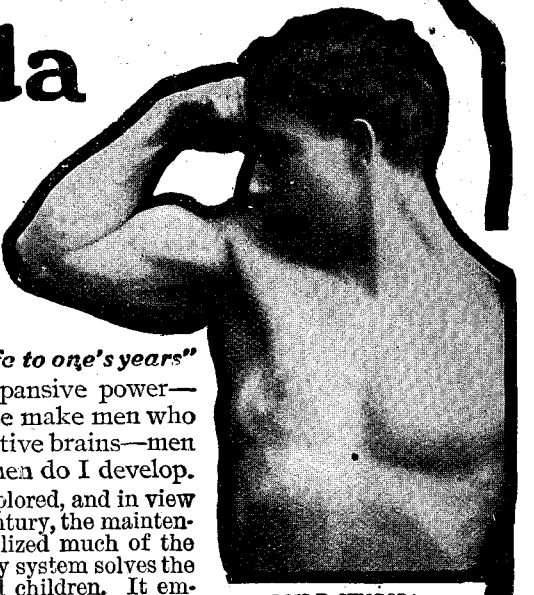

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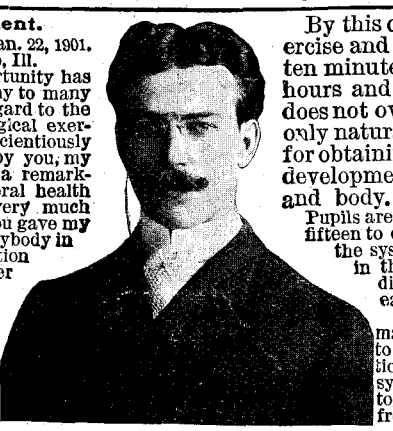

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